

# TORONTO'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

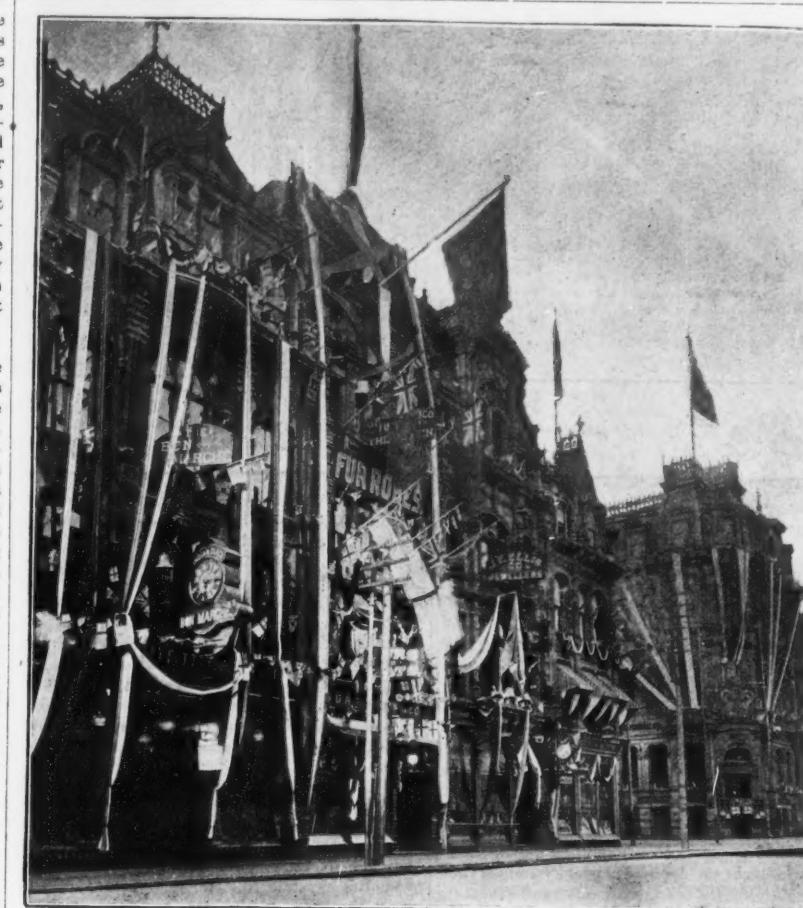
Prof. Mills, the principal of the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph, is being adversely criticized because one of his sons has taken a clerkship in a bank instead of taking up a hundred acres of land and going in for farming along those scientific lines laid down by the College. The objections are based on the idea that a doctor should not be afraid to take his own medicine. In a case of this kind it is very easy for newspapers to say impertinent things, and it is the chief hardship of a man occupying a public office that he must submit to a great deal of interference with his private affairs. The day has gone by when the average father can choose a career for his son or a husband for his daughter. I believe that fifty years ago fathers used to arrange such matters. Once upon a time a boy of fifteen or eighteen was not supposed to know anything about life, and the father mapped his career—he would apprentice the youth to a trade, or place him in a counting-room, or at the foot of the ladder of one of the professions. To-day a boy insists on choosing his own course, and public opinion supports his claim to exercise that right. If a boy "wants" to enter a bank, or to be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a clergyman, or a newspaper man, or an electrician, it is now an unwritten law that the father must, if possible, secure him the coveted opening. The father may be of the opinion that the boy should farm, or learn a trade, or keep a store, and he may argue the point, but if the boy "wants" to be an aeronaut it is now the recognized duty of the father to supply the lad with balloons; if he wants to be a poet, the father must read his rhymes and try to get them printed; if he wants to be an artist, the father must supply him with paints and see genius in the daubs he turns out.

It is all very well to find fault with a man because his son strikes off on a line of his own, yet we must not forget that boys have mothers and aunts and grand-parents as well as fathers, and these generally support a lad in his preference for some fancy occupation. Fifty years ago the average boy of eighteen had traveled little, had read only certain standard books, and his mental diet had been in every way of the simplest. The average boy of to-day travels widely, reads the daily papers, and opens the covers of all the new books that are printed. He can mount his bicycle and ride one hundred miles in less time than it would take him to hill an acre of potatoes. Young men now on the threshold of life cannot be expected to see the world through their father's spectacles. To them the world looks different, for the excellent reason that it is different. It seems clear, however, that those who possess ability of mind and strength of character will every decade acquire greater advantages over the general mass of individuals, for every year adds something further to the many distractions that lure the lovers of pleasure away from the serious occu-

pations of life. Bring ten young men from the farms and place them in fairly good positions in Toronto, and I think nine out of the ten will not, at the end of five years, have much to show for their work but a bicycle, some good clothes, and an unclassified and unmarketable mass of information on a thousand subjects. The tenth man may have a better bicycle and better clothes, but he will also have saved some money and made himself almost indispensable to his employer. Conditions being as they are, it is wiser for a father to shape his son's character as far as possible and allow him to choose his own occupation, for the man is everything and his vocation is unimportant after all.

When retribution overtakes the world for the inequalities of fortune between different bulks of the people, it may transpire that the bicycle had much to do with hurrying on the climax. Out on the farms some men are called prosperous and some are not. On most farms there is hard work for everybody and little pay. Not long ago I met a young farmer whom I have known since boyhood, and asked him how he was faring in life. He said that he was doing remarkably well. His father had left him a farm of fifty acres, well stocked and with good buildings, and no mortgage against it. His stock and chattels had been improved, he said, and in the previous year he had banked some money after paying every cent he owed. "After selling all you had to sell, and paying all you had to pay, how much had you to the good?" "Well," he replied, "I have next year's seed and sixty dollars in the bank." This was a young giant, whose unmortgaged farm stood among a dozen mortgaged ones; he had keen business instincts, lived plainly, yet a farm that had cost about \$2,500, implements and stock worth about half as much, his own work and that of his wife and her sister, had after a year's close application and careful living only left them sixty dollars to the good. It simply meant that if that farm had been saddled with a mortgage of fifteen hundred dollars he would have been unable to pay the interest on it. He pointed out that if crops and prices were good both in the same year, he could save three or four hundred dollars, but that even as it was he was more than holding his own, while most of his neighbors were having troubles over their mortgages, and it was likely that two of them would be sold out.

There is a farm up the country that a man went to when it was a solid hundred acres of hardwood bush, about forty years ago. He worked all his days improving it and raised his family there, and when his eldest boy was full-grown he mortgaged the farm to buy out the adjoining hundred acres. The second farm was in course of time taken from him and sold, but there still clung a mortgage to his own farm. He died, and now I am told that his



The Jubilee Decorations.

Photo by Mr. Lyonde.

son is to be ejected and sold out by a loan company. I know very little about the people, and there may have been mismanagement somewhere; yet, bigger than any possible errors of judgment, the fact looms up, big and disturbing, that there was forty years of hard work done on that farm by that family. They found it a solid bush, and made it a fruitful farm; built log houses and stables, then, years later, frame buildings; picked and carried away hundreds of tons of stones; sunk wells and dug drains; built fences, reaped and sowed, and sowed and reaped for nearly forty years, and now must walk out empty and give it all up.

Along the road past that farm and scores of others like it, there goes out from the towns and cities a daily stream of young people on bicycles—young people who sing and laugh, and jest upon agricultural topics. The cyclists are well, if scantly, dressed; they seem quite care-free, and at the little hotel they spend money as if they had barrels of it at home. When the wheelman sees the farmer pausing in his work to watch him glide by, does he ever wonder what is passing in the mind of that son of toil? Grilling in the sun, working with the eaked earth, does the farmer wonder why all country people are (or seem) poor, while all city people are (or seem) rich? When the farm-boy at dusk in driving his tired team along the sideline towards home, turns into the ditch to let a group of cyclists dash by and is hailed with a volley of smart gags, does he ever contrast his lot with that of these others and grow sullen until, in the end, he strikes out and is swallowed up none know where or how?

Is it not fair to assume that the tendency of farmers' sons to escape farming has been promoted by the fact that city youths on wheels are dashing up and down country roads everywhere, inciting farm-boys to discontent? These young toilers look north and south, east and west, and wheels fly everywhere—the world of youth seems out for pleasure, they only having to bend under heavy burdens and wrestle with the stubborn earth for the bare privilege of living on it. Do they grumble, and need we wonder? Do they run away from home, or go, with their father's permission, into the town or city to learn a trade, and need we wonder? The father, after twenty years of work, as poor perhaps as when he started, lets the boy go. Need we wonder at that? His neighbor's son went away to the city ten years ago, and now comes home for a week at mid-summer, wearing a silk hat and boasting loudly of the fortune he is making and the big things he is doing. The fellow may be lying, yet he creates the impression that he could buy up half the county if it were worth having. The boy comes to the city and soon finds that it is pretty much of a sham—that some young people own wheels who do not own the boots they wear, and that as people know nothing about the affairs of their neighbors, one need not hesitate at any hollow pretension, for one who begs from door to door every forenoon may wear a silk hat and a monocle every afternoon.

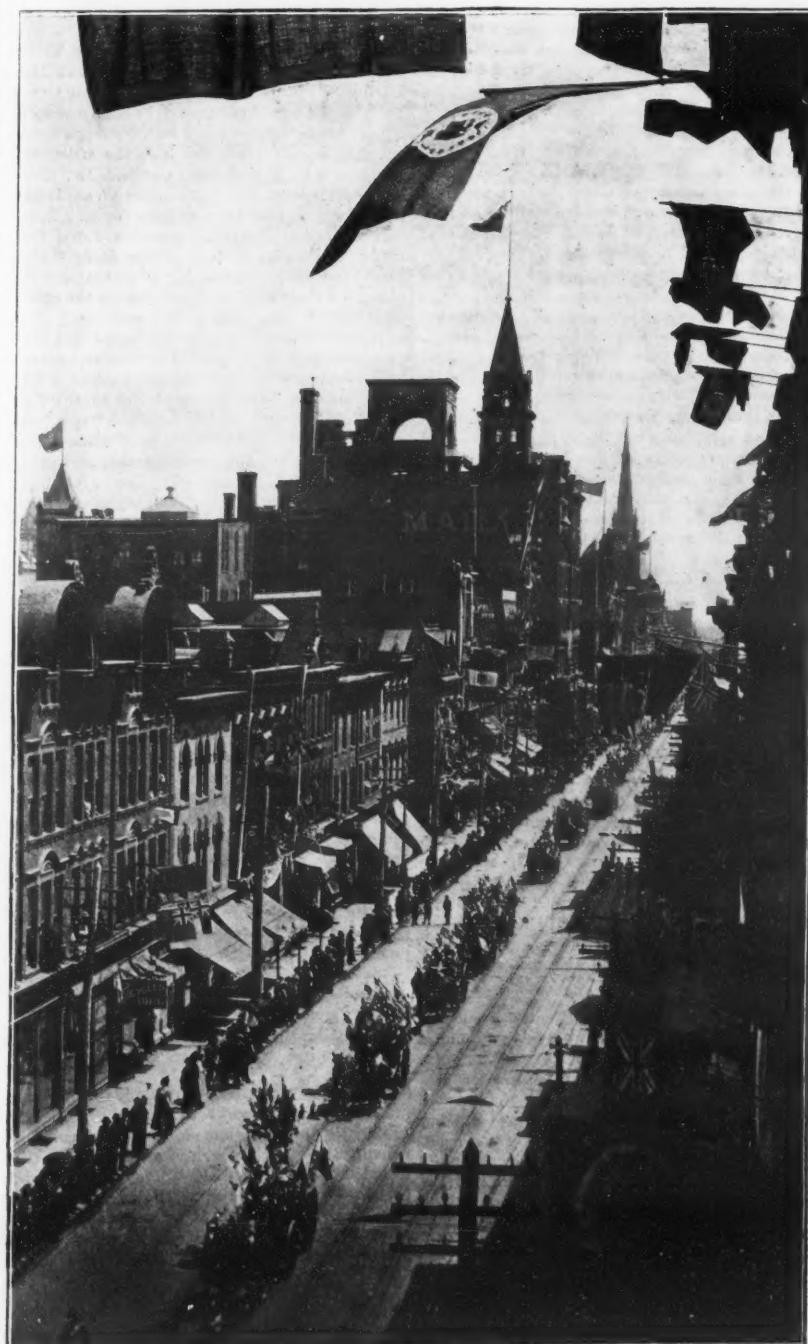
What can any man do to promote contentment on the farms of this and other countries? In the entire range of subjects that occupy the attention of statesmen I do not think there is one that equals this in importance. The only method of procedure is to promote, or to permit, prosperity throughout agricultural districts. But how? Will high protection, or free trade, or bi-metallism, or a doubling of the paper currency, or the loaning of money by the Government at 3½ per cent., or the control of freight rates, or some other thing, or all of

page on December 5 last was answered by two or three influential newspapers assuring me that I didn't know what I was talking about. On that date I wrote:

A little reflection will convince anyone that Wilfrid Laurier cannot refuse the honor if it is tendered him. He is the leader of a political party that has been described for years as "looking towards Washington" and opposed to the idea of consolidating the empire, and of knighthood would strengthen this misapprehension. He is French, the first French Premier of the Dominion, and the people of his race have had in Mercier at least one leader who favored severance from Great Britain and the founding of a French republic on the St. Lawrence. His refusal of knighthood would suggest to those who are truth in the campaign rumor that Laurier nursed views in common with the late Mr. Mercier. But more than all, Mr. Laurier is incapable of an act so ungracious and a diplomatic indiscretion so grave as the refusal of an honor at the hands of the Queen and her advisers, at the very time that the administrative period in which business of great consequence must be transacted between Ottawa and the Colonial office in London. His instinct may be trusted. To save hedging later on, the No-nonsense Liberals should think before they speak and prepare for the inevitable.

The inevitable has happened. It would have been churlish to have refused knighthood under the circumstances, and Wilfrid Laurier is too smooth a gentleman to disturb the harmony of the Jubilee by a boorish refusal of an honor. More than that, Wilfrid Laurier is the sort of man who rather fancies honors. He is not a pork-and-beans kind of a man, but is strong in sentiment, with a love for what is traditional and idealistic. It will probably turn out that knighthood neither makes nor mars a man. We have learned that it does not make a man; we may now note if it mars one. As it costs several thousand dollars to purchase the necessary jewels, regalia and other thingumbobs appertaining to knighthood, it is within the possibilities that some of those who have declined the honor were actuated by business considerations rather than by democratic principles; and, as I have said before, it is an interesting phase of this whole question that those who are most determinedly opposed to the idea of knighthoods in Canada are those who do not stand a ghost of a chance of ever winning spurs.

Canadians are accused of being rather slow. As a people we are not bold gamblers, and only those of us who get into city councils and legislatures with public revenues to control, show a tendency to spend money for the sheer pleasure of seeing it float away. We have discovered that a very close-fisted man may prove a very open-handed alderman, and that a cheese-paring member of a parliamentary opposition may develop into a most prodigal Minister of the Crown. It was brought out on Jubilee day that, under the relaxing influence of a spontaneous sentiment, the citizens of Toronto



The Jubilee Procession.

The Firemen's parade passing along King street west.

Photo by Mr. Lyonde.



The Jubilee Procession.

The Butcher's parade passing along King street west.

Photo by Mr. Lyonde.

could spend an immense sum of money on flags and streamers. The city was beribboned and triggered out as never before. It may not be out of the way to estimate that the sum of one hundred thousand dollars was spent by Toronto in celebrating Jubilee day. One firm spent twelve hundred dollars in illuminations and decorations. The Gas Company, the banks, the loan companies, the insurance companies, the newspapers, the big mercantile firms seem to have been moved by a common impulse, and, without collusion, accomplished a fine general effect. The splendor of the illuminations on Jubilee night will not soon be forgotten by the countless thousands of people who thronged the streets.

The views which we give of the procession were made by Mr. Lyonde from the windows of his studio on King street west, and are only a few of many pictures taken by him as the long parade drew past. Enough is shown of the decorations, in the pictures on the first and second pages, to enable readers in distant places to form some opinion of the way Toronto fixed up for the occasion. Scores of the most prominent buildings in the city were decorated with great taste, but it would be hopeless to attempt to picture them all. Without disparagement of others, it might be said that the down-town banks, while perhaps excelled in a few instances, were on the whole more tastefully decorated than any other class of business places.

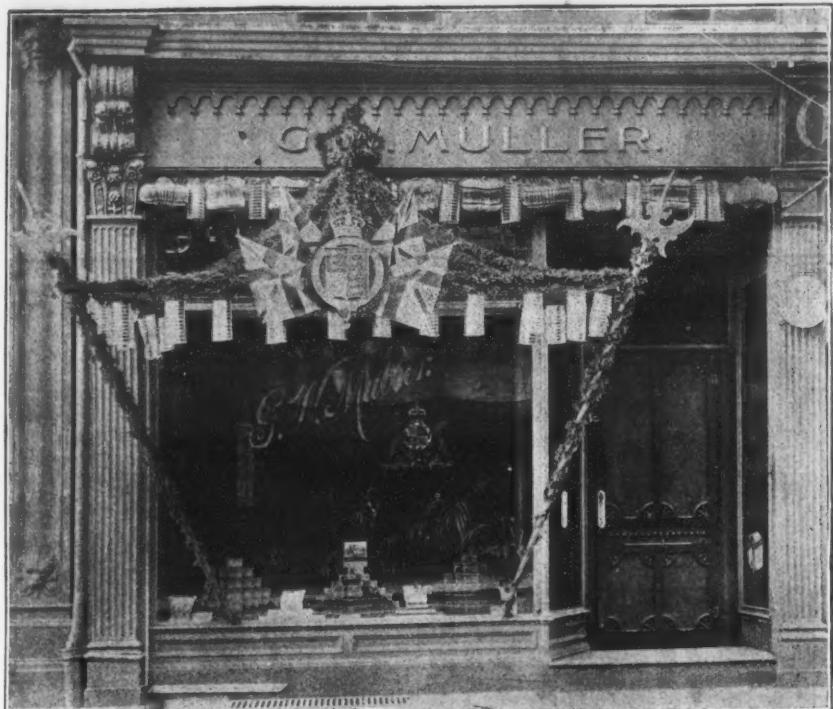
It is one of the disheartening experiences of life to find that when an opportunity for doing a thing of lasting merit comes once and will never come again, there should rise up somebody or some body to resist the doing of that good thing. The proposal to create a square in front of the new City Hall is one that should be supported by every citizen who is not convinced that the world will come to an end within ten years. If the world endures and this city stands, that square will be an inestimable boon in a few years. If the proposal is now rejected it will go on record as the biggest blunder of this decade. It was proposed to round off the corners at King and Yonge streets, and again at Queen and Yonge streets, but no action was taken in time, yet if this city grows as it has grown, there will come a day when those corners shall have to be rounded off, and it will cost a fabulous sum. Here is a chance to create a square at the very core of the city and fronting the two-million dollar civic buildings, and the chance should be seized by the city as quickly as such a chance would be seized by a private citizen similarly placed. While a few are prowling around the proposal for creating Victoria square, trying to find fault with it, it is on the other hand encouraging to see that nearly all the influential men and firms of the city are on record in its favor. MACK.

#### Social and Personal.

The evening decorations and illuminations for the Jubilee were spasmodic, but very beautiful when they did appear. The Bank of Commerce, the Grand Trunk corner, the C.P.R. across the way, the Canada Life and Confederation Life, and down on York street the Intercolonial Railway offices, had each their blaze, motto and dates. The latter offices had a curiously illuminated star, with a bullion effect. A continual dull roar came from the facade of the Gas Company offices, where hundreds of jets formed a large design all over the building, and many a waggish remark from chronic bill-payers was heard in the admiring crowd. Several of the King street shops did good things in the way of causing their light to shine. Government House was ablaze with gas, and its trees strung with myriads of Chinese lanterns. But the finest effect was seen at the Parliament Buildings, where a crowd picnicked for hours on the lawn, and myriads of bicyclists, carriage parties and strollers passed and repassed. The warm night, the tempered glow from electric globes, and the soft grass made it pleasant to sit or stroll before the magnificent pile. Thousands of people were rendezvoused there until eleven o'clock. Mothers, babies, perambulators; tired cyclists prone on their backs, sound asleep, to be rudely wakened by a jolt of the wheel, on the tire of which their necks were neatly pillow'd; small girls and boys, larky but weary; lovers absorbed in each other; old gentlemen towing old ladies; smart people gazing amused upon the panorama from the vantage ground of an easy carriage; pairs of cyclists flitting noiselessly through the crowd, all enjoying the cheapest and healthiest of outings, and storing up memories of the Diamond Jubilee of good Queen Victoria.

The continued illness, aggravated this week by a bad attack of gastritis, of Sir George Kirkpatrick, has been a note of sadness in the Jubilee celebration of many and many a loyal soul. The unselfish and plucky gentleman who so bravely faces the distressing condition of his health, and has, even in great suffering, a kind word and thought for every old friend, has the respectful sympathy of the masses and the affectionate thoughts of his friends, who daily look for the news of his welfare, and, as a pretty young matron said earnestly, "If we don't come and trouble you with enquiries, we always know how you are some way." Lady Kirkpatrick is a devoted nurse, and the thought to ameliorate by loving care and tenderness his many hours of pain.

The last three evenings of the past week witnessed the production of a play which had a strong local interest, and a peculiar one for certain old Toronto families, those United Empire Loyalists who were in early days the backbone and sinew of Toronto, and are still her tradition preservers, her aristocracy *par excellence*. Miss Catharine Merritt, playwright and impersonator of the principal matron of the drama, reproduced with cleverness and faithfulness the touching story of what man will do for loyalty. The family whose happy, luxurious home in Albany had to be given up for the log cabin of the then wild and woolly Canada, was an exact picture of many a family in old times, the names of which are now household words in Toronto's social, military and professional circles. Naturally the presentation of the play was amateurish, none of the



The Jubilee Decorations.  
G. W. Muller's palatial cigar store on King street, near Yonge.  
Photo by Mr. Lyonde.

actors being ambitious of histrionic fame; this remark is without harshness, but the sweet dignity of Miss Merritt, the girlish spirit and *verve* of Miss Constance Rudyerd Boulton and the charming adaptability of Mrs. Philip Todd to the *poudre* and pretty, quaint costumes, were all pleasant to see. Handsome Mr. White Fraser, in his fetching Georgian togs; Mr. Harry Patterson in his "velvets" (as Sentimental Tommy's mamma put it); Mr. George Dunstan, the ambitious lawyer, climbing to a tin-pot distinction by the stepping-stone of a throne; Mr. A. McLean McDonald, an unutterably vulgar Yankee officer, with the dialect of Chimine Fadden; pretty "little boy blue," the patriotic youngson of a U.E. family, whose matter-of-fact remark, "What! shot! Who did it?" greeted his father's death and evoked many grins from the audience; the comical old darky manservant and Mammy Rebecca, with others of the cast, played their parts with scarcely perceptible hitch, the staid business of the two old darkies being remarkably good. The Six Nation Indians from Brantford reservation gave an *entree*, *a la* Fenimore Cooper, that was quite creepy and realistic, and executed several war and other dances. They were sufficiently hideous to give an imaginative person a nightmare, and lent quite a "go" to the play. The "vision" seen by the heroine proved to be a very substantial one, materializing into a big assortment of our volunteer regiments, who looked exceedingly smart and made a good curtain lowerer. The audiences were not large, not really so large as the play merited apart from its peculiar local interest. On the opening night Mrs. Eber Ward and her sister, Miss Hugel, with the Baron von Hugel, their father, occupied a box and sent a lovely floral tribute to Miss Merritt.

In connection with the visit of the Six Nation Indians to Lanmar on Friday last, when Mrs. Chadwick kindly invited a lot of people to tea, the formal adoption of the wives of two adopted chiefs, following naturally as a consequence of their husbands' reception into the tribe, was performed by the visiting chiefs. Mr. Chadwick, who wore the full regalia of an Indian chief, (and very hot he must have found it!), and Mr. Hamilton Merritt, who was down from camp in the trim uniform of the Body Guard, presented their wives for adoption and bestowed upon them the Indian cognomens by the chiefs. This interesting ceremony was duly gone through with, and names wonderful and high-sounding bestowed upon the popular mistress of Lanmar and the *petite* golden-haired wife of Chief Merritt. And vain were the polite efforts of all and sundry, as they imbibed "cup" and tasted ice-creams and delicious "home-made" cakes, to master the pronunciation and orthography of said names. Mr. Chadwick has a very fine and interesting collection of Indian curiosities in weapons and garments in his home.

A bumper day at the Yacht Club Island house greeted the liberal policy now pursued by the entertainment committee, over one hundred and seventy-five persons dining at the Club on Jubilee day, and fourteen would-be dinner parties having to be postponed for sheer lack of accommodation. The dinner was good and the music pleasant accompaniment. After the dinner an avalanche of young folks came for the hop and to see the illuminations and fireworks. The popularity of the Yacht Club as a dinner rendezvous is now assured, and everyone who enjoys the privilege of the cool, delightful resort is a debtor to the officers for their new departure.

At a special meeting of the ladies' committee of the Athletic Club, Mrs. John Cawthra, the president, in the chair, a resolution of loyal congratulation to the Queen on her Diamond Jubilee was moved by Mrs. Edward Leigh, seconded by Mrs. John I. Davidson, and carried with much promptness. Mrs. Charles Nelson, Mrs. Palmer, Miss Crooks, Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Denison were present.

Matrimony has certainly broken out determinedly in the family of Mr. W. H. Beatty. Recently the two sons of the house took unto themselves fair wives, and no sooner are they settled than preparations for Miss Maude's wedding are *en train*, in the midst of which the announcement of Miss Amy's engagement to Mr. Wallace Nesbitt sets the anticipative joy-bells chiming for the last of the group of young folks.

A Cobourg resident tells me that Mrs. Dennis has returned from Carolina and is staying in Cobourg with her father, Judge Clarke. Mrs. Davidson and Miss Gamble of Toronto, who have been the guests of Judge and Mrs.

was attired in her traveling-dress and looked charming. She was attended by her sister, Miss Daisy Wardell, and Rev. W. G. Evans was best man. The bride was the recipient of a number of beautiful presents. Mr. and Mrs. Nickalls have gone on a trip down the St. Lawrence and are spending their honeymoon among the Thousand Islands. On their return Mrs. Nickalls will receive at her home, 290 Robert street, on the second and fourth Thursdays after July 20.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar R. Doward have removed from Madison avenue to their new residence, 45 Cecil street.

Mr. and Mrs. George Evans have returned from their honeymoon and are at their St. George street house.

The transfer of one of the stately homes on the Hill, which was mentioned some weeks ago in this column as near impending, took place last Saturday, and Benvenuto became the property of Mr. William McKenzie, one of the most rising and successful men whom Canada contains to-day. Mrs. McKenzie, that charming and kind little lady whom to know is to love, and her daughters, Misses Gertrude and Mabel, will be popular hostesses at Benvenuto and carry on its traditions of hospitality which have been so firmly set under the generous chateau-ship of Mrs. S. H. James. Mr. McKenzie is just now in England, whence he will return shortly, bringing his two elder daughters with him.

A pretty house wedding took place on Wednesday last in Port Hope at the residence of Mr. Robert Nicholls, the contracting parties being Mr. Newman Williamson and Miss Adelaide Nicholls, both well known members of society in that charming town.

The home of the bride was beautifully decorated with choicest flowers. The bridal party stood amidst a bower of palms and roses. The bride looked lovely in her handsome gown of white silk trimmed with *chiffon*, pearl garniture intermingled with orange blossoms. The shower bouquet was of white roses, the only ornament worn being an exquisite pearl star pendant, the gift of the groom. Miss K. Williamson, sister of the groom, was bridesmaid. She wore pretty dress of summer silk, trimmed with pale green and lace, and carried a lovely shower bouquet of pink roses. Dr. B. F. Nicholls of Toronto assisted the groom. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Smith. Among the out-of-town guests were: Mrs. C. Devaney, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Devaney, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Ray of Toronto, Mrs. Jakes of Cobourg, Mr. Newman of Merrickville, Miss Rae of Belfast, Ireland, Mr. R. Williamson of Philadelphia, Mrs. English and Mr. Harry English of Peterboro'. There were also present: Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, Mr. W. Williamson, Misses Nell and Florence Williamson. After the reception the happy couple started on an extended tour amidst a floral shower, and with best wishes of many friends. On their return Mr. and Mrs. Newman Williamson will reside at the Pines, Hagerman street.

All Saints' annual garden party was held on the grounds of Mr. D. R. Wilkie's residence in Sherbourne street last Thursday afternoon and evening.

The Dancing Club's final reunion was held at Glendeneth on Wednesday, Mrs. Nordheimer being the much welcomed hostess. Rather warm for dancing but perfect for sitting out, the fresh, pure air of the exalted locality was much enjoyed and the party most successful.

Mrs. Ferguson, widow of the late Senator Ferguson, is now recovering from a severe and long illness.

Miss Stammers of Grove avenue has returned from Ottawa and Montreal, where she has been visiting friends for some months past.

Mr. Charles Holland, the late general manager of the Ontario Bank, returned to England this week, where he now resides. I understand his few weeks' trip to this country was entirely on business.

Master Eddie Cook has come safely through an attack of diphtheria and is now almost well. He was to have sung last Sunday at the cathedral Jubilee service, but was lying in the Isolation Hospital instead. Many thought of the gifted organist who was to have taken part in the service also, to whom death came a day or two before.

Mrs. James Crowther has had a few friends staying at her lovely summer home in Cobourg. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander have leased this fine residence for the summer and go down next week. Mr. and Mrs. Crowther returned home to Toronto this week.

The Hunt Club has again changed its secretary. Mr. Ricketts will be missed by everyone.

Mary Bourchier Sanford's new book is dedicated to Dr. W. S. Rainsford, whose memory is yet sweet and green in Toronto. The Romance of a Jesuit Mission is its title, and the get-up of the book is charming.

Miss Putnam of New York is visiting Miss Marion Barker of Beverley street for a few weeks.

A jolly tally-ho party on Jubilee Day rendezvoused at Dr. Hall's in Jarvis street.

A party of lady cyclists rode to Brampton on Friday, returning by the evening train.

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TORONTO

## Social and Personal.

An important condition of success to any summer entertainment in this country is weather. Therefore many anxious thoughts traveled ahead at the beginning of the week to wonder whether Jubilee Day would provide smiles or frowns up aloft. A broad grin was provided, as everyone jubilantly noted. A Canadian sky, air pure and rich in ozone, verdure of the most freshly green, and sun that seemed loth to go to bed, even on the longest day in all the year. Lots of wind for the yacht race in the morning, when the Oriole walked ahead in all the beauty of swelling sails and swift graceful flight. Lots of dust for the immense procession which wound through the densely packed crowds and was greeted with applause for many a mile; here a shrill hurrah from a group of children, there a Chautauqua salute from a cloud of dainty *mouchettes*, chaff by the bushel, and admiration by the cart-load. City dadas, country bumpkins, loyal lodge members; wildly funny old parties in hats that begged description; lame men and men with artificial limbs; smart darky ladies and pompos darky gentlemen; rattling regiments with rifle green, and vivid scarlet, and tartans; Body Guard in blue and Dragoons in red; tiny boys trotting beside long-legged fathers; boys on fantastic bicycles and bands playing in addling succession. The Maple Leaf, My Pearl's a Bowery Girl, and If You are not a Lover of the Lord, patriotism, sentimentalism and religion getting queerly mixed up in the tympanums of the standing throngs. Flags flew from every vantage ground, and those three colors symbolizing love, truth and purity fluttered in all directions in the faces of thousands of good citizens, bound the waists of smart women, twined on the handles of bicycles and flaunted gaily as neckties on many a manly shirt-front. The decorations were spasmodic. Here a shop front was a bower of bunting and later on a blaze of gas. There a few unhappy little flags fluttered a feeble attempt at loyalty. Somewhere else a blank space showed indifference or penituousness or absence. On one pretty residence was a tiny little flag stuck on an immense staff from a top window by a wag of a boy, who invited the family out on the lawn and provided field-glasses to view his decorative effort. A good deal of fun was in the air. Families who had decorated largely were apt to be seen seated in full force on the front steps or balconies. Families whose patriotism was dormant kept most of their doors and windows shut and remained indoors. Here and there were really pretty effects with Chinese lanterns and original designs in flags and bunting. Several handsome lawns in Jarvis, St. George and other leading residential streets were quite fairylike with decorations and lights as soon as evening closed in. At noon, chimes floated from St. James' belfry, and a royal salute boomed upon the clear, brilliant air. Luncheons were on the *tapas* everywhere, formal and informal, served by liveried men, or hunted up from larder and refrigerator by chance guests and hostess. In the afternoon the Yacht Club was a bower of brightness, and later on the balcony was filled with diners, and the dance which followed was much enjoyed. One of the happy thoughts in connection with the holiday was a luncheon and concert given through the kind exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Piper to a large party of old men and women from the various Homes and the city in general. An immense marquee was erected near the entrance of High Park, and after a plentiful and very nice luncheon the old folks were seated in the tent around a platform to hear an excellent concert. Those who kindly devoted a couple of hours to amusing the delighted old people were Mr. and Mrs. Harry Blight, Miss Frances World, Miss Ladelle (whose recitations were charming), Mr. Owen Smily, and a quartette of male singers, who played their accompaniments on banjos and guitars. At half-past four a great embarkation of veterans took place on the private cars provided for the party. Old gentlemen of obstinate minds were headed persistently in right directions; old ladies in wondrous bonnets were pushed, pulled or "boosted" into their places; cake was passed around, and three cheers were given both for the entertainers and the old folks as the laden cars slowly moved out around the curve. Needless to chronicle that bicycles were everywhere on Tuesday. Streams of riders went north, east and west, and the wheels were stacked by hundreds on every ferry. When night fell, carriages drove hither and yon with freight of immaculately dressed men and smartly gowned women en route for swell dinners in various directions. At Government House, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick were hosts of a large party, and were fairly smothered in congratulations, tempered always with an affectionate regret that His Honor is not better able to enjoy the smile of Royal favor. However, the never fails where everyone is glad to see it, and never has a truer ring been heard in the vox populi than when it now says heartily, "God bless our Governor and his wife." Looking back upon Jubilee Day, there is a brilliant memory of cloudless sunshine, general good feeling, freedom from *contretemps* of any sort, happy celebration, kind thought of the poor, the friendless and the aged, a pleasant *pot-pourri* of good things, which shows that there's nothing the matter with Toronto; as the boys say, "She's all right."

Mrs. Farrar's garden party at the White House, Rosedale, last Monday was favored with very fine weather, and her guests enjoyed the affair very much. In the cool, shaded drawing-room Mrs. Farrar and Miss Jagoe received, and outside on the lawn, where a marquee (with a buffet decorated in Jubilee colors, peonies, white and red, and dainty blue lupins) and numerous *lête-à-tête* rustic seats were arranged, Mr. Farrar and his handsome son were admirable hosts. Among the guests were: Professor Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Smith, and I have seldom heard the learned professor discourse more delightfully than on the subject of national flags and emblems at this party; Mrs. John I. Davidson, who chaperoned Miss Kirkpatrick; Mrs. Hetherington, looking very well after her season in Ottawa; Prof. and Mrs. Hirschfelder, the dear great-grand-parents who never grow old; Mrs. Fuller, Miss Muttlebury, Miss Maude Givins, who wore a badge of ribbon from Windsor, once actually worn by the Queen; Mrs. Kerr Osborne, in a bright red

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gown and black hat, marvelously becoming and smart; the Misses Fitzgerald, Mrs. George Jarvis, Mrs. Hunter, Mrs. Grant, Mr. Castell Hopkins, Judge Dartnell, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred

Hoskins, Miss Hoskins, Rev. Ernest and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. P. H. Drayton, Mrs. Fred Patterson, and a lot of pretty girls flitting about in airy muslins and listening to the strains of an orchestra which was stationed near the marquee. Miss Jagoe was very prettily gowned in lavender and white, and was a sweet and solicitous hostess to the many guests at the White House.

Miss Katie Stevenson left on Thursday for a visit to Kingston as the guest of Lady Cartwright. Sir Richard and Lady Cartwright are at their summer residence, and have a nice house party who are enjoying to the utmost the boating and other attractions of the picturesque locality.

Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray Knowles have held their last Saturday reception for the summer, and the hospitable studio will be closed until September, when a harvest of summer work will doubtless delight their visiting friends.

Miss Maude Hirschfelder, who has been away for some time, returned home on Wednesday.

A most fashionable wedding took place on Wednesday afternoon of last week in the First Methodist church, London, it being that of one of London's most talented lawyers, Mr. Robert G. Fisher, of the firm of Meredith & Fisher, and Miss Annie Osborne Hobbs, eldest daughter of Mr. W. R. Hobbs, president of the Hobbs Hardware Company, and niece of Capt. T. S. Hobbs, M.P.P. Long before the appointed hour a large number of friends and acquaintances were admitted by ticket and admired the beautiful decorations and the handsome and dainty gowns of the immediate friends of the family, who, by Messrs. Hobbs, Fisher, Gunn, Lind and Henwood, where shown in a most gallant manner to that part of the church arranged for them, and awaited the coming of the fair bride. The bride was gowned handsomely in a heavily corded Sicilian silk with the skirt *en train* and the bodice trimmed with orange blossoms, the tulle veil falling in cloudy whiteness from the head of the fair wearer down almost to the ground, and surmounted with a coronet of the same orthodox flowers. The bridesmaid, Miss Janie Hobbs, sister of the bride, wore a very becoming and dainty dress of white silk net, the bodice having a stylish little bolero jacket of white silk, a white tulle hat with white ostrich tips, and carried beautiful yellow roses; while the two little maids of honor, Freda Puddicombe and Elsie Hobbs, in their quaint accordion-plaited *mousseline de soie* and carrying baskets of roses, looked like pictures. Mr. Marshall Graydon was best man. Rev. Dr. Burns of Hamilton was the officiating minister, assisted by Rev. Dr. Daniel, pastor of the church, and Rev. Alexander Henderson of Appin. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Hartley Dewart, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Fisher, Miss Phyllis Fisher of Toronto, Miss Edna Penn of Syracuse, N. Y., Dr. and Miss Burns of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. McCormick, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Meredith, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Puddicombe, Dr. and Mrs. Eccles, Dr. and Mrs. Hodge, Mr. and Mrs. George Robinson, Mr. Thomas Hobbs, M. P. P., Miss Bessie Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Melville Spencer, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Barron, Mr. and Mrs. D. Sayer, Miss Westland, Mr. C. A. Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Lind, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Field, Mr. George A. McGillivray, Mr. D. MacKenzie, ex-M. P. P., and Mrs. Kennedy. Mr. W. Caven Barron was the special organist on the occasion. To the sprightly Mendelssohn Wedding March the bridal party and guests retired to the handsome home of the bride's father, where, in the already beautiful interior, palms and roses were banked in many corners and nooks. As a memento of its being the first marriage in the new church, of which the bride was an active member, the trustees presented a handsome bible to the newly married couple.

The marriage of Mr. Frank Morgan Piper and Miss Julia Kenyon, fifth daughter of Mr. J. R. Silliman, was quietly celebrated on Wednesday, June 16, at 3:30 o'clock, at the home of the bride's father, 8 Dupont street. Rev. Septimus Jones officiated. Only the immediate families of the bride and groom were present. Miss Daisy, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Arthur Piper, brother of the groom, was best man. The parlor was prettily decorated, Conspicuous was a very large bell made of

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flowers, under which the bride stood. The presents were many and greatly admired. After luncheon was served the happy couple left by boat for a trip through the States.

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## THE CRIME.

By  
Charles Gordon Rogers.

I HATED him from the moment I saw him with her, because I saw as well that she loved him with all her body and soul. Then, one day, as I watched the manner in which her beautiful eyes looked up at him while they walked and talked together, a suspicion leaped into my brain. It became belief. From that hour I watched them stealthily; and at last I came upon them, unseen, at a place I had not supposed they knew of. It was a shady and secluded spot between two hills, quite remote from the village, and indeed from any habitation. It was a lonely place, with the ruins of a mill above and a deep and dark pool below; lonely, save for a jealous wretch like myself or a pair of lovers. This, then, I muttered to myself, as I crouched and watched them with a savage heart, was the bower they frequented undisturbed, and where they squandered the hours that were so torturing long to me.

I heard in the village that he was going away upon the next day, that "some business" was calling him back to town. And I heard and saw more; whispers that were full of meaning, glances that conveyed what the whispers dared not convey. My jealousy, then, had not made me mad. My suspicion, my belief, were shared by others! In a little while they would discuss openly Stella's shame.

That night I planned his death, and on the next I laid in wait for him. I had learned during the day that he would walk to the station, which lay a mile outside of the village, since he had sent his baggage ahead by the stage during the afternoon. It would be a fine night, though dark, for such a jaunty gentleman. The air was balmy and fragrant, and the sod by the roadside green and elastic. As I crouched there I laughed softly, and wondered why people should think a murderer such a terrible being.

But how the time dragged. Presently I heard the soft sound of wheels approaching slowly along the moist and sandy road. My good humor gave way to sudden anger, and I swore in the darkness. Had the fellow decided, at the last moment, to be driven? In such a case I would have two, himself and the driver, to deal with. But as the vehicle approached I breathed more freely; for though I could but dimly make out his form, I perceived by his voice that the driver was some half-drunk farmer returning home from a protracted visit to some village bar.

I slipped back into the wood, and lighting a match glanced at my watch. I saw that there was still an hour until the midnight express would be due to leave. So I composed myself comfortably upon the bank, with one eye and both ears open, like a watch-dog, and fell into a reverie. I pictured my successful rivil bidding his last good-bye to Stella, her tears, his kisses, his flattery, his lies. Then I saw him set forth, erect, his head up, his hands in his pockets, as was his fashion. I smiled to myself as I reflected how I could bring him down, and on the comedy that would ensue. Was not that his whistle that I heard, the air of some love song I had heard him humming through the village streets? Perhaps he found the walk along the dark road lonely, and was endeavoring to keep his spirits at their normal level. Curse him! what had happened? Did he suspect something that he had stopped his whistling? I would slip into the road. Ah! there is a tiny flame in the darkness. The burning match blazes for an instant, then dies out upon the road. Now the glow of the cigar grows brighter as my unsuspecting friend approaches.

Now he is abreast of me! I could have touched him. A moment more and he has passed, not dreaming that another being, mad with jealousy and hate, is crouching in the grass at his feet.

And now I have sprung up after him and am upon him, like a panther, my steel-like fingers about his throat, dragging him down to the road and choking to silence the cry he tries to make. His whole body struggles frantically and his finger nails are driven into my wrists; but nothing could loosen my grip upon his throat; and soon his struggles cease, and he lies limp upon the road.

I turned him upon his face and bound his wrists tightly; and turning him upon his back once more, gagged him. Then I sat and waited until consciousness had returned fully; and in the meantime I relieved his pockets of some of those fragrant cigars, and smoked one, enjoying the luxury of the performance, and laughing aloud at the humor of the situation and the success of my undertaking.

Presently my friend stirred, and weakly endeavored to sit up. I leaned over him. He was breathing heavily, and I could see that he was convulsed with fear. To his dilated eyes my face in the partial darkness must have seemed a very devil's as my eyes stared into his.

"Ah!" I said coolly. "So you are recovering?" I knew he could not reply, but I knew that now he could hear and understand every word; and I revelled in the supreme mastery of my position.

"You look surprised," I said. "Let me help you to sit up." I jerked him into a sitting posture. "In a moment I must ask you to rise altogether, as we have a tedious walk before us." I stared into his face and saw that it was frowning with rage and convulsed with fear. Nevertheless he tried to kick me with his nearest foot.

"It is possible you do not know me," I went on, as I blew a cloud of smoke into his face. "For the past two weeks I have been a thing of too small consequence for you to notice. Tonight that is changed. Come!" I exclaimed sharply, grasping his shoulder and shaking him. "Confess! Not satisfied with having won the love of Stella, you have taken advantage of her innocence!" And at the thought I struck him heavily upon the face, so that he fell back and lay prone upon the road. But even then he tried to do me violence with his heavy walking-boots. So I retorted upon his shins, and he actually rolled over with the pain.

I had begun to rain. The pleasure of our march through the woods, I reflected, would not be enhanced by this atmospheric change. I raised my prisoner by the shoulders and made him stand. Immediately he attempted to run, and I had to detain him forcibly.

"Now," I said to him, "you will go ahead of me, do you understand? I will direct your steps. You have only to put one foot in front of the other and everything will go beautifully. If you are not tractable, if you show a desire to hang back, there is *this*." And I laid the cold blade of a knife upon his cheek.

Then we went forward through the darkness and the drizzle. But why dwell upon that dreary tramp? It would indeed make a chapter to tell of that most arduous march; of how my fine fellow would run into some great tree, striking his head, or stumble over a root and fall his entire length, scratching and bruising his face, but never breaking an arm or a leg, for that would have been unfortunate. How I made the black wood ring with my merry and cheering laughter! And all the time never a sigh nor word of complaint from my brave companion, thanks to the liberal manner in which I had, with so much forethought, literally bound his lips to silence. Nevertheless I had on several occasions to resort to a peculiar sort of persuasion, since he evinced a strong inclination to go contrary to my wishes.

At last our haven was in sight. It was the old mill above the pool; the pool where he and Stella had spent so many agreeable hours. Although it was so dark, I perceived that he had recognized the place; and I grew suddenly hot with anger as I thought of my wrongs. From this very place had I not with burning eyes watched him upon the grassy slope below, beside the still water of the pool, kissing the lips of the woman whose hand I had never touched with my own! God! when I thought of it my brain seemed on fire; and then I laughed in mad triumph as I remembered that here I had him at my mercy. Mercy? I laughed again.

Then I lit a lantern and held it aloft so that we saw each other face to face. Mine must have reflected what was passing in my brain, for he seemed to grow white, and shrank back. Then suddenly, without warning, he rushed at me and tried again to kick me.

"Be careful!" I exclaimed, as I endeavored to get behind him. "The place, as you see, is ruinous, and the floor is rotten." As I spoke, his clumsy foot went through a plank and he was thrown backward, wrenching his leg. I managed to extricate him, and with some difficulty bound his ankles, for, despite the injury he had just sustained, he resented the operation. Then I removed the gag. The first word he uttered was an oath.

"Unfasten my hands!" he roared, and his voice was like thunder.

"I trust I will not be so foolish," I remarked, as I sat down upon a box within a few feet of him. "Now we can talk pleasantly."

"By God!" he roared again. His chest was heaving with agitation, and he banged his heavy heels upon the quivering floor. "You shall pay for this joke!"

"Joke?" I answered. "I am glad you think it is a joke. In such a case you have a remarkable faculty for seeing the funny side of things. Now," I said, changing my tone and giving him a kick in the ribs, "confess before I have done with you that you have worked Stella's ruin."

"Damn you!" he shouted. "How dare you mention her name? You vile coward! To think that you ever polluted the same air she breathed!"

"Tut!" I said, though I felt the blood flame into my face. "You do sacrilege to the place. You forget that just below us is the verdant bank, the glassy pool, the bower of sweet words and kisses, that will be so dear in Stella's memory now that you are gone."

"You villainous hound!" he panted, and glared at me with his blue eyes so fiercely that for the moment I forgot myself and stepped backward. He laughed loudly.

"Now, you dirty coward," he said, "how much is it you want? Be quick!"

I stepped nearer and bent over him. "How much is it I want?" I said slowly. I felt my heart swelling with hate, and involuntarily my fingers tightened and relaxed.

"Yes, how much money?" he said. His voice was quieter now, and he was watching me closely.

"Money?" I said. "Money?" Then I stood erect and laughed. "Do you think I brought you here for money?" I saw his cheeks pale as I said that. "You fool!"

"What do you intend doing?" he said. I saw that he was striving to remain calm and appear unconcerned.

"Look here," I answered. I removed a plank of the floor. Then I rolled him beside the opening, and he cursed me for my pains. I made him lie face downward with his chin on the edge of the plank.

"Coward!" he hissed; and rolling over on his back he glared up at me. I was piqued at his insolence, and kicked him in the face. But he called me "coward" again, while the blood ran down his face.

"Enough!" I said sullenly. "You are wasting time. I must get back to my bed." And I raised his feet in order to bring him parallel with the opening. But even then he fought as it were with his bound body; and opening his mouth wide he yelled with the full power of his lungs. The place shook. I struck him over the mouth.

"Save your breath!" I said. "You will have need of plenty in a moment." And I endeavored to force him through the hole. But his shoulders were broad and he stuck.

"Damn you!" he said. "Give me a chance for my life! Let me stand upon my feet!"

I laughed.

"Give me one hand free!" he cried. Then by

sheer force, my knee upon his shoulder, I forced him through and his body splashed heavily into the water.

He was gone. I took the lantern and peered through the opening, but only the black water as it flowed silently by could be seen. Then I replaced the plank, and for a long time sat with my thoughts.

Suddenly a crash of thunder shook the old rain. I sprang up. A storm had been gathering, and now it broke in fury. The rain fell in a torrent and poured through the decayed roof. The vivid lightning lit every corner of the ruined place, blinding me, and then leaving me in inky blackness; and the thunder shook the tottering walls.

Then suddenly I heard the wind come sweeping like an angry voice through the wood. This was not a safe place to remain in. Moreover, I must get back to the village and to bed ere dawn, in order that suspicion might not be aroused. So I rushed forth and was drenched as I reached the wood.

The wood seemed haunted, and I could not refrain from looking back. I tried to laugh away my fear; but at last I broke into a race between myself and my terror, stumbling, falling, until at length, cut and bruised and breathless, I leaped from the wood into the road.

I did not meet a soul as I hurried home. It was three o'clock, but I could not sleep. My night's work had been too much for my nerves. I plied myself with brandy, and at last, as the clouds and the dawn were breaking, I fell into a troubled slumber.

When I awoke the sun was shining. I sat up. My head seemed bursting. Then, like a flash, like the sting of a whip, came the recollection of my crime. I sprang out of bed, trembling! Perhaps already the murderer had been discovered. I peered fearfully from my window. But the street was quiet. Then I reflected that no one would go near the place, not even Stella, now that he had gone away. I grew calmer and had a pull at my brandy-flask.

Then the words repeated themselves in my brain. Gone away? Perhaps that thunder had brought the body to the top. In such an event I should lose no time in hurrying thither and burying it; or better still, weighting it, and sinking it in the pool. Fool that I was; I should have taken that precaution at the time.

Hurriedly I dressed, and with an appearance of calm walked through the village. Once in the wood, I ran.

As I reached the stream I saw that the mill had been blown down by the violence of the storm. I beat my way through the bushes toward the pool. Then as I parted the branches and glanced along the bank I was turned as if to stone.

The body of my victim lay upon the grass, its glassy eyes staring to the blue heaven. And over it beat a woman.

The snapping of the twigs startled her, and she raised her head. It was Stella, the woman I loved, for whom, I fancied, I had done this thing. When she saw me she rose and burst out laughing and ran toward me. The look upon her white face froze my blood.

My God! she had gone mad.

I sprang up with a cry, shaking from head to foot. I was standing by the roadside, where I had come to lie in wait for him. The clouds were gone, and above, in the blue strip of heaven between the dark tops of the wood, the calm stars were gleaming.

It had been nothing but a dream, then!

A carriage was approaching. Instinctively I shrank from the highway; but I was observed. There were four people in the carriage. One of them, the man whom I had dreamed I had murdered, leaned over and looked at me. Then he turned to the woman beside him, and in the starlight I saw the pale but happy face of Stella.

"Perhaps it's that poor fool who fancies himself in love with Stella!" I heard her father think. The General's receiving the credit for his first rescue which was his due, but this was gradually overlooked by the better element, and Tom's reputation grew.

A few years ago a fire broke out in the dwelling of General S—, which was the finest residence in the place. It may be explained that though Tom had a very fair experimental knowledge of a popular brand of State liquor, his information concerning wines was of the most rudimentary character. It may be added, further, that the General was believed locally always to have a fabulous stock of the choicest vintages on hand, a condition of affairs, by-the-way, which caused many a wagging of heads at village tea parties and similar functions.

On the occasion of the fire in the General's house the firemen promptly appeared, and Tom was one of the first to rush into the building. The family being all out, he turned his attention to the saving of property. With the flavor of a strong concoction just absorbed at the village tavern still on his palate, he naturally thought of the priceless wines, and was soon seen emerging from the house carrying something carefully wrapped in a small rug. He bore it to a neighboring vacant lot, put it down beside a tree, and proceeded to stand guard over it. When asked by friends why he did not return to the burning building and continue his labors, he replied, in a mysterious eight lines:

"Your lower limbs seemed far from stout, When last I saw you walk; The cause I presently found out, When you began to talk; The power that props the body's length, Due in proportion spread, In you mounts upward, and the strength All settles in the head."

This compliment was so pleasing to Mr. Strahan that he forthwith added a codicil to his will, by which he bequeathed £3,000 to the poetical Mr. Smith.

—

A Yale Joke.

They had a funny incident at Yale College one day. Professor Silliman was going to experiment with laughing gas, when he overheard a student say that under its influence no one was responsible for what he said, and he would take advantage of this and tell Professor Silliman what he thought of him. When the class met, Professor Silliman quietly said he would like, for purposes of illustration, to administer the gas to some member, and the student volunteered. The leather bag was connected with his mouth. He pretended to be very much excited, and began to abuse and swear at the professor. Professor Silliman let him go on a while, and then said he needn't be so irresponsible, the gas hadn't been turned on yet. Only those who have been to college and know how a chemistry class can applaud can adequately imagine the uproar that followed.

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street west.



### A Prayer Worth Remembering.

Irish Monthly.

Only a little longer let me stay,

For much remains undone,

Of victories planned at break of day.

Few, few are won,

And now life's ardent noon fades fast away.

Only a little longer. Night draws near

When none may labor more.

Deep in my soul the hush I hear

Of evening's hour,

And weary, welcome, the approaching hour.

I do not fear to see the shadows grow,

To feel the darkness spread;

To share their rest, who rest below—

The sacred dead—

Or to explore the mysteries they know.

Beyond the night, the eternal soul awakes

To other, brighter day.

Death is but sleep, that gently takes

Life's load away,

And fits our powers renewed, new parts to play.

I think the force within can never cease,

That He from whom it came,

From earthly fitters can release

The imprisoned flame,

And, after trial, give His perfect peace—

June 26, 1897

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

5

## QUEER CORNER

## SOME NEW FISH.

In the small lakes in Bruce county some species of fish, new to those waters, have just been discovered. One kind has been identified as grayling, and the other as carp. It is stated that the carp has been introduced into some of the streams in Michigan, and the theory is that they are finding their way across Lake Huron.

## AIR TRAPPED TEN MILES UP.

The curiosity of the modern man of science knows no bounds. One of his latest exploits is trapping and bringing down to the ground, with the aid of an automatic apparatus attached to a balloon, specimens of the upper air from the height of almost ten miles. The apparatus and the experiment were of French invention, and at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences in Paris, Monsieur Cailletet reported the result of the analysis of the captured air. It simply showed that at the height of 51,000 feet above sea-level the composition of the atmosphere is practically the same as at the surface of the earth, although its density, of course, is comparatively slight.

## NATIONALITY OF CARDINALS.

The Catholic Church has fifty-nine cardinals, of whom thirty-two are Italians, four Germans, four French, four Spanish, four Austrians, two Hungarians, two Portuguese, and one each English, Belgian, Irish, Ruthenian, Australian, American, and Canadian.

## EARLY-RISING MONARCHS.

It is a curious fact that almost all sovereigns are early risers, and seem to consider it their urgent duty to make their day as long as possible, even when they are no longer young. The Emperor of Austria rises at 4:30 a.m. in summer and goes for a morning walk at five a.m. punctually, while the Empress of Austria is an extraordinarily early riser, and when taking a course of baths insists upon having her bath at four a.m., which causes no end of trouble in the bathing establishments. Kaiser Wilhelm II. is, as a rule, at work in his business-room at five a.m., and he is very fond of starting off on a morning ride at six o'clock, and even earlier. The King of Italy rises at six o'clock, and even earlier. The Queen of Roumania in winter and summer rises before anyone else in the palace. The King of Roumania and the King of Sweden rise at six a.m. Dom Pedro II., the late Emperor of Brazil, however, outdid all his brother sovereigns in his early rising, for His Majesty always got up at three a.m., and liked to visit his friends between the hours of four and five. The Queen and the Queen Regent of Holland are also early risers, Queen Wilhelmina having been brought up according to strict rules from her earliest infancy.

## AN EGG-SWALLOWING WAGER.

A curious performance for a wager has just taken place at Pinchbeck West, near Spalding, Eng. A tailor named George Risley accepted a wager to swallow forty hen eggs within an hour. The eggs were broken into a glass, and pepper, vinegar and salt used. The weight, without the shells, was five pounds four ounces, and the swallowing process was completed in fifty minutes, with the accompaniment of four penniworts of brandy and a bottle or two of soda-water. Does any Canadian care to go up against this record?

## ALLEGED CRUELTY TO GOLD-FISH.

It may not be generally known that there is cruelty in the keeping of gold-fish. Half of such captives die from sheer want of rest. As fish have eyes so formed that they cannot endure the light, in a glass vessel they are in an entirely wrong place, as evident from the way in which they dash about, and go around and around until fairly worn out.

## WOLVES?

Two Toronto young men, W. Jones and F. Spinck, wheeling from Southampton to Hamilton recently, had a very startling experience. It was on the Old Indian road, which once formed the trail from Lake Huron to Lake Ontario. They had been delayed on the road and were making up for time lost by riding at night. It was nearly midnight when, passing through a large cedar swamp through which the road runs for nine miles or so, about ten or twelve miles from Elora they were startled at the sight of three animals suddenly springing into the road from the bush. They jumped without a sound, missed the cyclists, and instantly swerving followed the wheelmen, yelping and snapping, down the road. They kept up the pursuit for two or three hundred yards when the bicycles, having gained full speed, distanced them. It was too dark to distinguish objects very clearly, but from the description the young men give the animals were evidently wolves. Instances of this kind are very rare, in the settled parts of the country at least, wolves being generally too cowardly to attack men. Wolves themselves are also very scarce, and it is only in large waste tracks and swamps such as this in case that they are ever met with nowadays.

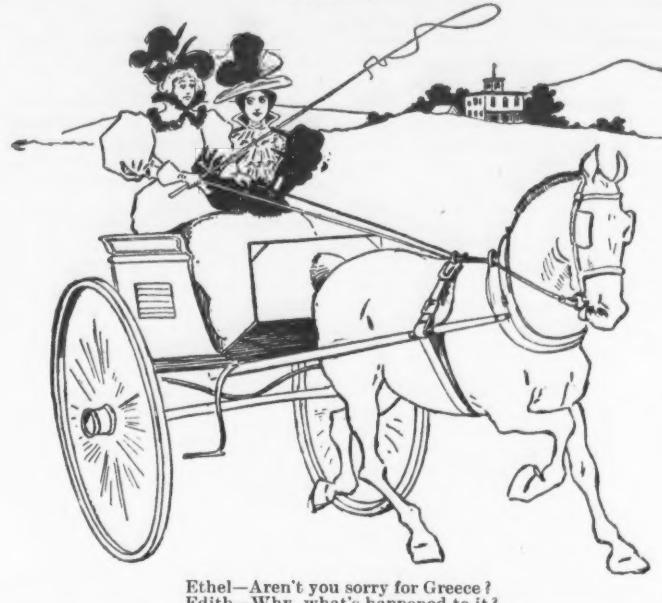
## AN OLD SWORD.

Mr. Victor Coxhead of Parkdale has a sword which he thinks must have belonged to one of the party of soldiers lost in the quicksand of Grenadier Pond. He saw it through the ice, half-covered with mud, and breaking a hole rescued it. It is a long, rusty affair, and if it didn't belong to an officer of the ill-fated party of Grenadiers it has at any rate lain where it was found for a great many years.

## A REMNANT OF FORT ROUILLE.

Just opposite the main gate to the Exhibition grounds on Duvelin street there is to be seen the ruined foundations of a small brick building. Other excavations, evidently once the sites of houses of some kind, are also in the neighborhood. An old well is covered over with a tangled bundle of wire netting. These ruins are said to be the remnants of the old Fort Rouille buildings, probably dwelling-houses outside the fort proper. The fort itself was cleared away to make a site for the Exhibition. The building immediately opposite the gate was until a few years ago standing in very fair repair as far as walls and roof were concerned. It was an old-fashioned, low-roofed structure with a huge chimney, and very solidly built. That ubiquitous vandal, the small boy, however, was allowed to operate on it and the walls are

Why Don't Women Have Votes?  
Pick-Me-Up.



Ethel—Aren't you sorry for Greece?  
Edith—Why, what's happened to it?

now mere weed-grown mounds. There is a monument in the Exhibition grounds to mark the site of the old French fort, but if this building could by some means have been preserved it would have formed a far more interesting memento of old days in a country where historical relics and mementoes are all too few.

## A REMARKABLE ECHO.

The Konigsplatz at Cassel is the finest square in Germany, if that may be called a square which is an oval. It is the point of union between Lower and Upper Towns; and the six streets which branch out from it, at equal distances, produce a very marked echo. The sounds uttered by a person standing in the center are distinctly repeated six times. The French erected a statue of Napoleon on the spot, and the Hessians observed that their favorite echo immediately became dumb, nor would they believe that a statue of their own elector would have equally injured the reverberation, by displacing the point of utterance from the exact center. As the allies advanced, first the nose disappeared from the French Emperor, then an arm, then he was buried down altogether, a lamp-post was set up in his place and the echo again opened its mouth.

## POOR PUSSY.

A Stratford woman fixed up her stove to bake and put on a roaring fire. When all was ready she found that the house cat had been imprisoned in the oven. Three similar cases have been reported in Ontario papers within a year, and it would seem that some people in mistaken kindness appear to allow pussy to warm herself in the open oven on cold days, until some day poor pussy is shut in and suffers a terrible end. Such a kitchen tragedy might do permanent harm to a nervous woman.

## FOR SHE WAS A MOTHER.

A sad little episode was noticed by people on the D. A. R. train for Yarmouth recently. When near Mateghan the train suddenly plunged into a flock of sheep on the track, before brakes could be put on. The sheep scattered right and left, but one little lamb was caught and cut in two, the whole train passing over it. Its mother was seen to return on a run to the track, stand over the little corpse bleating piteously and then, as the train went on, she left her dead lamb and ran madly after the train, as though imploring aid, till she was lost to sight around a bend in the road.

## A Peculiar Case.

## Distressing Results Following Vaccination.

A Young Daughter of David McHardy of Fergus the Victim—Has suffered the Most Intense Agony—Doctors Failed to Help Her.

From the Fergus News-Record.

Nearly every person in this section is acquainted with Mr. David McHardy, the popular leader of St. Andrew's church choir, Fergus. Our reporter called upon Mr. McHardy at his home in Upper Nichol recently, and from him and his estimable wife a tale of terrible suffering was elicited—suffering that has brought a once exceptionally strong and healthy child to the verge of the grave. The subject of the sketch, Lena McHardy, is fourteen years of age, and her parents say she has not grown any since her illness began some two years and a half ago. Her terrible suffering dates from the time she was vaccinated in June, 1894, and what she has since undergone has aroused the deepest sympathy of the friends of the family. In conversation with Mr. McHardy and his wife the following facts were elicited: "Two years ago last June," said the father, "Lena was vaccinated by a doctor in Fergus. The arm was very sore and swollen all summer, and became so bad that it was a mass of sores from the shoulder to the elbow. In October, 1894, a large lump appeared on her back, over one of her lungs. The doctor who vaccinated her, treated her all that summer, calling very frequently, but the medicine he gave her did no good, and she was growing weaker and weaker. When the lump broke out on her back another doctor was consulted, who said she was in a very bad state of health. Her constitution appeared to be completely undermined, and her appetite had completely failed. The last doctor called in gave some outward applications, and lanced the gathering, but it did not give the patient any benefit. Nine such gatherings have appeared since that time, but each broke and disappeared of its own accord, only however, to be followed by another. The child became very puny, and little or no food would remain on her stomach. At night she would fairly rave with the pain in her arm and back, and consequently her trouble was aggravated by a loss of sleep. She had the best of attendance but to no avail, and she was slowly but surely sinking. Friends advised a treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and as a last resort they were tried. To the surprise of both parents and friends Lena began to improve

soon after beginning the use of the pills. Her appetite returned, she became stronger and her general health much improved. The sores have not yet left her back and arm, but her constitution is being very much improved under the treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that her parents are looking for a complete cure. Mr. and Mrs. McHardy thank Pink Pills for the present improved condition of their child, as they have done her more good than the scores of bottles of doctor's medicine which she took.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a blood builder and nerve restorer. They supply the blood with its life and health-giving properties, thus driving disease from the system. There are numerous pink colored imitations, against which the public is warned. The genuine Pink Pills can be had only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Refuse all others.

## Buying a College.

Providence Journal.

"Western colleges come cheap," says the Waterbury American in commenting on the gift of \$20,000 from Francis A. Palmer of New York to a college in Iowa and the subsequent change of the name of the institution to "Palmer College." That is undoubtedly so, but it is worth recalling that Elihu Yale's gifts to the college at New Haven approximated only about \$3,000.

## Fairly Pitted.

Judge.

Stonestreet—What are Benedict and Scorer howling at each other about?

Macadama—Oh, Benedict's got a baby and Scorer a new bicycle. Each is confiding the merits of his acquisition to the other.

"I got even with Nobbs for talking to me so much about his diseases." "What did you do?" "I sent his address to every patent medicine firm in the country."

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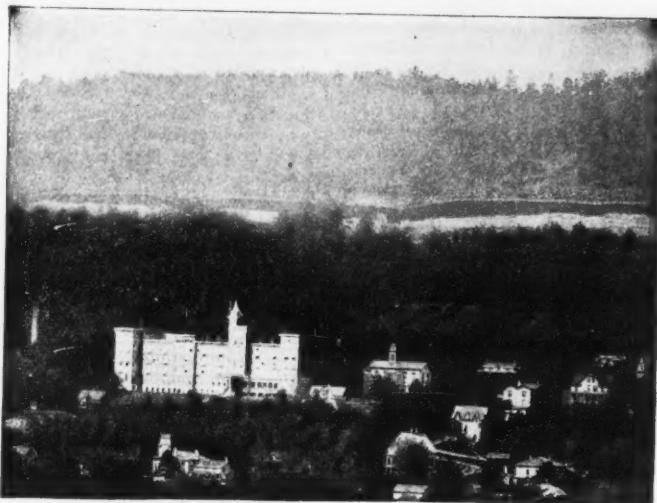
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## A Hint for Sleep Walkers.

New York Weekly.

Lady Visitor (at office of eminent physician) I have called, doctor, to ask if there is any cure for sleep-walking. I have had the habit for years, and lately it has become worse.

Dr. Highprice—It can be cured, madame. Take this prescription and have it filled at Cold, Steele & Co.'s.

"Cold, Steele & Co." Why, that is not a drug store; it is a hardware store.

"Yes, madame. The prescription calls for a paper of tacks. Dose: Two tablespoonsfuls scattered over the floor before retiring."

## That Pale Face.

For nervous prostration and anemia there is no medicine that will so promptly and infallibly restore vigor and strength as Scott's Emulsion.

If the Senate kills Mr. Casey's bicycle bill, forcing railways to carry wheels as baggage, the cyclists of Canada will in turn kill the Senate.—Berlin News-Record.

Mickey Dolan—Hullo, Bill! How did you like being a caddie? Billy Nolan—Ah, I didn't like it at all, at all. First de feller he towd me ter kap me eye on the ball, den he gave me de ball n de eye.—Bazar.

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor

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THE Toronto Canoe Club's handicap sailing race, open to all classes, last Saturday, brought out only two boats, those of F. Bailey and F. Andrews, who finished as named. It was sailed in a very light breeze, and it took the best part of the afternoon to cover the course. At first glance the fact of there being only two entries in an open race would seem to indicate that either the interest in canoeing is declining or that there was a general scare of some fast racing-machine that the handicappers couldn't even up with an accuracy sufficient to give the majority a chance. Neither of these things is true. Mr. Sparrow's boat is practically the only racing-machine in the club, and it hasn't been out for the last season or two. The truth is that the Toronto Canoe Club's enthusiasm does not tend towards sailing. A race of last Saturday's class never does have large entries. It is a paddling club. There is a great deal said to the effect that the bicycle is killing aquatics. In one instance at least this is a mistake: I am told the Canoe Club has a larger number of paddling enthusiasts than ever before. They have thirteen tandem handicap crews and seven fours entered for the annual regatta, July 3. There is no good reason why the bicycle should do away with boating. It is a mistake for a man on buying a wheel to get rid of his boat. He will find the combination of boat and bicycle an ideal one. It is acknowledged that if a man's only exercise is that of the bicycle he will soon find his arms growing thin and his shoulders beginning to stoop. His back also more or less loses its vigor, especially with low handles. Padding, on the other hand, is as good a moderate exercise for the trunk, shoulders and arms as one could wish for, though the muscles of the legs are of course unused. The smooth glide of the canoe and the cool clear air form a restful change for the nerves after bumping over the jolts and awkward places of a hot dusty road awhell. It is safe to say there will be a rush back to boating in its various forms in a year or so by those who have foolishly gone to the extreme of devoting their spare time solely to the bicycle. Extremists always tire of their hobbies.

I heard a good story the other day about a banquet tendered several years ago at Vancouver to Edward Hanlan and John L. Sullivan, and presided over by the Mayor of that town. Hanlan and Sullivan were then at the top notch of fame, and in arranging a banquet to the great oarsmen, it being found that the great pugilist would be available also, it was decided to make it a joint affair. The whole thing was conducted on a very superior scale, and when the Mayor proposed "Our Guests" he made a polished speech in which he praised the guests of the evening as "the two greatest athletes that the Anglo-Saxon race had ever produced." Hanlan, although not so good a public speaker then as he is now, always showed correct taste on such occasions, and in responding to the toast made a modest and humorous speech and was cheered to the echo. Mr. Sullivan was then called upon. He arose unsteadily and leaned his immense hand upon the table, glaring fiercely at the Mayor, and finally, with a jerk of his thumb towards Hanlan, he said huskily, but unmistakably: "Well, he kin row a boat—guess he can row a boat, all right, but," and he made a sweeping glare over the expectant faces of his hosts, "I kin lick any— — — — — in the room." This probably holds the record as the most brief and sensational post-prandial speech ever made by a guest who was being honored by admiring strangers.

However, Sullivan has often been maligned. My informant, who was present at the banquet referred to and vouches for the story, tells me of another episode witnessed by him in Paris. Sullivan and Mitchell were both invited to a polite function, and the Englishman proved to be in very "bad form." His language was startling and the remonstrances of his host futile. Finally Sullivan walked over to where his rival sat, and placing his left hand on his shoulder drew back his right pile-driver and said: "Charley, ain't no person myself, but if you don't promise to keep your mouth tight shut until this here bun-feed's all over, I'll just crush your skull in right now." The high social function was concluded without further interruption and Sullivan enjoyed a local reputation as a "gentleman" with a very proper sense of decorum.

There is a kind of blunt, rude traveler that well deserves such a reproof as is mentioned in the *Golden Penny*: A party of English visitors were being shown around a famous Scotch abbey, and one of them said to the guide, "Now, old fellow, we don't want any of your cock-and-bull stories about this place! Tell us what you are sure is true."

"Ay, sir!" quietly replied the guide, and he walked on in silence.

He led the party through the abbey, and said, "Ye've seen the old abbey."

"Yes, sir, the Englishman," said the guide, "Can't you tell me anything about it?"

"The exact truth," returned the Scot, "is that the abbey is old, and I canna swear to any more about it," and he left them.

General Francis A. Walker went into the army a year after he graduated from Amherst College. A pleasant story which he used to tell illustrates the temper of the time, and shows of what stuff mothers were then made.

He obtained a leave of absence to go home to Massachusetts, and arrived there without having notified his mother that he was coming. When he approached the house it was evening. He peered through the window, and saw his mother sitting alone, knitting.

Then he stepped softly into the room, and standing before her said, suddenly:

"Mother!"

Mrs. Walker started and looked up at her son, but did not rise.

"Francis," she said severely, "have you left the army?"

## Toronto's Stage Favorites.

THIS is the season of the year when little interest is taken in matters theatrical by the general public and the stars, for at least those of them who can afford it are at some mountain or seaside resort, while their managers are hustling in New York preparing for the coming season. It may interest many to know, however, what a number of Toronto favorites will do as soon as the cold weather commences.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bourchier had enough of America last season. They will remain in London and produce a new comedy called *All Alive*, Oh, by A. Brisson and A. Sylvane.

Wilson Barrett has leased the Lyric Theater, London, Eng., and will produce *The Sign of the Cross*, to be followed by *Hamlet* and a revival of *The Silver King*. Maud Jeffries and Franklyn McLeay will be members of Mr. Barrett's company. Mr. Barrett will also produce a new play.

Mme. Sara Bernhardt will content herself with the management of the Renaissance Theater, Paris.

Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry will spend most of the season in London. It is their intention to play a short engagement with Mme. Bernhardt at the Renaissance Theater, Paris.

Caroline Miskel (Mrs. Hoyt) has retired. This time, it is said, for good.

Thomas W. Keene will troupe as of yore, putting away at Shakespeare's plays.

Robert Mantell will remain under the management of Mart Hanby and play his old repertoire on the road.

Margaret Mather will be under the management of C. J. Whitney. She will be on the road with her new production, *Cymbeline*, which was tried for a few days at the close of the season. The *Cymbeline* scenery is now stored in the Grand Opera House, so it is likely Miss Mather may open her season here.

Louise Beaudet will be a member of the *Maid of Athens* opera company, which will sing at the Opera Comique, London, as long as business is good.

Mabel Amber, who played *Trilby*, will be given an important part in one of W. A. Brady's companies.

Hope Booth will try her poses on London and Paris audiences.

Maud Adams will have the stellar role in a new play which is to be put on by Dan Frohman at his Empire Theater, New York.

Sol Russell, although he has never been strong there, will take a crack at New York, and the balance of the time he will put on the road.

August Van Biene will star in a new piece by Clay M. Greene, under the management of Klaw & Erlanger.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke has been secured by Fred Whitney, who will feature him in a new comic opera entitled *The Hotel de Paris*.

Julia Marlowe and her husband, Bob Taber, have separated, and each will star by their lonesomes. Julia will produce her old favorites, and Bob will have a new play by Lorimer Stoddart, the man who adapted *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* for Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske. Miss Marlowe will also produce *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. She will drop the name of Taber.

Lillian Russell, Lulu Glaser, and Jefferson De Angelis will be the three stars who will produce *The Wedding Day*. That is, if Francis Wilson will release the Glaser girl. Della Fox was engaged before Miss Glaser, but it is said the fair Lillian objected to her for some reason not made public.

Francis Wilson will sing *Half a King* in New York as long as the public will walk up to the box office of the Knickerbocker Theater, New York.

Julia Arthur will be the star in *A Lady of Quality*, which will be put on at Wallack's, New York, in November.

Berbohm Tree will remain in London and manage *Her Majesty's*, the newest theater there.

Kathryn Kidder will do *Sans-Gene* in English on the road.

Bert Coote will star in *The New Boy*, and will open the season at the Toronto Opera House.

Roland Reed will try another season with his comedy, *The Wrong Mr. Wright*.

Camille D'Arville expects to star in a new opera by Smith and DeKoven.

## At Their Word.

There is a kind of blunt, rude traveler that well deserves such a reproof as is mentioned in the *Golden Penny*: A party of English visitors were being shown around a famous Scotch abbey, and one of them said to the guide, "Now, old fellow, we don't want any of your cock-and-bull stories about this place! Tell us what you are sure is true."

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"The exact truth," returned the Scot, "is that the abbey is old, and I canna swear to any more about it," and he left them.

Irwin's team proves that it is the best group of ball players that ever wore Toronto colors. It is professional ball, of course, and we didn't grow these men, yet if nine strangers are going to march out on a field to play ball in the name of Toronto, we all prefer that they should be able to hold their own in the game. That Irwin's men can play all around any team in the league was proven when they defeated the Syracuse Stars last week in four straight games, for the Stars were supposed to have the pennant safe in hand. It is likely that Irwin will get on a couple of exhibition games with some team in the National League. This does not mean that the Torontos will have a walk-over, but they will be "in it." The satisfactory thing is that the team is not winning because of one man, but because it contains fifteen men who play good ball and fit together so as to make almost a perfect team.

Baseball cranks are just as keen after a bargain as other people, and Mr. Irwin's scheme of two games for the price of one admission completely filled the Island grounds last Tuesday, the crowd overflowing the stands and covering the bicycle track and edge of the field all the way around. Although it was a Jubilee crowd the teams did not play by any means Jubilee baseball. The first game was marred by excessive kicking at the umpire's decisions; this is the worst feature of baseball. The players, by knowledge accumulated by long experience, know that the umpire never changes his spoken word, and yet at every possible opportunity, and even without cause, the most senseless kicking is indulged in, thus delaying the game and disgusting the spectators. I noticed an amusing case of hero-worship. A small boy lent Lush his knife, and when it was returned, thanked that gentleman for having borrowed it. The second game was an old-fashioned country-nine sort of game; each man made from two to five runs, and two-base hits were handed out to all comers.

For low-down meanness, ungentlemanly conduct and blackguardism, the six hundred spectators who saw yesterday's ball game at Tecumseh Park command Stroud's rowdies from Hamilton.—*Toronto News*.

I do not know whether Stroud's men are better or worse than other professional baseball men, but I do know that the most exciting of all field sports is tabooed by a large proportion of the people for no other reason than that bad language is often indulged in either by the players or by the young men who go to the games to "holler." I have heard nothing against Maddock's men since the first home game when a nasty row occurred, and in seeing games at the Island I have observed that Irwin's discipline is of the strictest sort; but worse than the players are the "rooters," who sometimes make remarks that are meant to be funny but succeed only in being vulgar. Men and women who shrink from an oath as from a blow are fortunately very numerous, and if baseball is to gain its lost place in public favor the youngsters who shout smart things at the players and the umpire must be repressed. Baseball cannot gain the complete favor of the public until it is so played that no team will call down such a condemnation as the London News has spoken against the Hamilton men.

The Tecumsehs won the lacrosse game from La Nationales of Montreal on Saturday last by that superior combination play for which the Islanders were justly noted last season. The attendance was not very large. The Nationales were not known in Toronto and it was thought that the Tecumsehs quite out-classed them. The loss of Burns (home) and Patterson (defence), who have joined the Torontos, has somewhat disturbed the team work of the Tecumsehs, yet not to such an extent as one might suppose. Every man on the team seems determined to play the very best kind of lacrosse, and everybody knows how necessary "club feeling" is to a team in any branch of sport. It is likely that the followers of the Tecumsehs will see some good sport yet before the season is over.

The Capitals defeated the Shamrocks 6 to 1 on Tuesday, but there are a lot of people in Toronto who think that the Rosedale men will defeat the Caps, here on Dominion Day. It is safe to predict that the biggest crowd drawn to a lacrosse game in Toronto for years will witness the Toronto-Capital game at Rosedale next Thursday afternoon. The Torontos can play the game with a speed and accuracy that does the local enthusiast's heart good after several seasons of very poor play. Nothing can be argued from the fact that the Shamrocks defeated the Torontos 6-4, and now the Capitals defeated the Rosedale 10-4. It will be seen that the Torontos will be nowhere against the Caps. It is well to remember, though, that the Torontos for the first half-hour of actual play were as much superior to the Shamrocks as were the Capitals, and had they been as able as were the Caps, to keep up their speed for an hour, they also would have

beaten the Shamrocks 6-1. The Torontos lacked staying power, that was all, and it is understood that they have trained hard and can "stay" all day if necessary, and if so, there will be one of the greatest lacrosse matches in the history of the game in Toronto.

In the history of amusements of this country the tremendous success of Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World at Madison Square Garden, New York, at the beginning of the season, is entirely without parallel. It remained there three weeks, and every night thousands of persons were literally turned away from the enormous amphitheater of the Garden. Nothing like this sort of attendance has ever been given to any other entertainment. Every newspaper in New York has stated these facts, and they are true. The exhibition that he will bring here on July 5 will be precisely the same as the one he had there.

In a spanking breeze Mr. Gooderham's yacht, the Oriole, and the racer, Canada, made fine progress up and down the bay Sunday afternoon. Several sail boats were out, and landsmen were filled with apprehension as the boats careened over until the canvas almost dragged in the water.

The Toronto Cricket Club will play Parkdale at "Varsity" this afternoon and send another eleven to North Toronto. The fixtures for July of the Toronto Club are as follows: July 1, at Hamilton and Guelph at Toronto; July 2, Trinity Rovers; July 3, St. Albans; July 5, New Jersey Athletic Club; July 10, Rosedale; July 14, East Toronto at East Toronto; July 17, Toronto Junction; July 23, Guelph at Guelph; July 24, North Toronto; July 31, New Fort at Fort and Ottawa at Ottawa. It will thus be seen that, beginning this week, the Toronto Club has a very busy season. Means a half-day match, and the club is to be commended for arranging so many full-day games.

When the Toronto and Hamilton cricketers meet there is usually some good scoring. Toronto won on Tuesday by 211 to 137. D. W. Saunders made 58, W. W. Jones 35, S. C. Wood 28, M. Boyd 22, C. D. Macdonell 21, and P. C. Goldingham 10 for the winners, and the chief scores for Hamilton were S. S. DuMoulin 40, A. E. Ferrie 21, J. L. Counsell 20, W. White 15, and C. J. Dixon 10. It will be observed that J. M. Laing and A. Gillespie were not in the game, and the story goes that Mr. Laing will not play this season. If he adheres to this resolution it will be a great loss to Canadian cricket, for there is not in the country a fast bowler to be compared with him. Even when bowling at a terrific pace he has a sharp break, and we may not produce his like for years. It is stated that Mr. Laing will devote his undivided attention to business this year.

The Parkdale Cricket Club won two important games in the past seven days, defeating Bishop Ridley College at St. Catharines on Saturday last by 71 to 58, and Rosedale on Jubilee Day by 170 to 110. Although both of these games started at 11 a.m. they were single innings matches, owing to the slowness with which runs came and wickets fell. At St. Catharines D. Gregory, for Parkdale, went in first man and was last wicket down for 17 runs. F. W. Sterling also made 17 by hard hitting, and against Rosedale he piled up 51, including one six, two fives and seven fours. A. P. Reed (27, S. F. Chambers (23), C. E. Chambers (21 not out), J. T. Clark (17) and A. G. Chambers (10) were the others who got double figures for Parkdale in the Rosedale game. The chief scores for Rosedale were J. Forrester's 28, George S. Lyon's 12, Montgomery's 10.

The Parkdale cricketers will leave next Wednesday evening to play in Berlin on Thursday, July 1, in Clinton on Friday, and London on Saturday.

There seems to be a growing tendency toward long-distance bicycle riding, and it is now becoming quite a common occurrence for men to ride long distances at the utmost speed, going without sleep, and even eating whilst on the wheel. Although bicycle racing in any of its forms is not conducive to longevity, yet when it is a question of who can ride the fastest mile, or even the fastest century, it is comparatively harmless; but when the contest resolves itself into vital endurance, instead of strength or skill, it is decidedly wrong. I think there is no reasonable doubt but that the men who participate in six-day bicycle races, etc., shorten their lives by years in so doing. Any contest in which those entered are required to go to a great extent without sleep, like so many machines, the one last to fall off his wheel being the victor, is absurd and should be severely discredited.

To those who complain that no comprehensive plan of reform has been proposed—that no remedy for the evils complained of in connection with department stores are illegitimate enterprises, prospering by playing a carefully prepared game, the same whether in Oregon or in Ontario. The press, the greatest power in modern life, has been made use of by these stores in the way of excessive advertising, and while this is fair enough, it is evident that something must be done to restrain these advertisers from making unwarranted statements injurious to other dealers. It would be hard to devise any means of correcting this abuse unless through the medium of inspectors of foods, weights and measures. It is amply certain that the inspectors of weights and measures must hereafter be active officers with very much broader powers and better salaries than at present.

To those who complain that no comprehensive plan of reform has been proposed—that no remedy for the evils complained of in connection with department stores has been put forward by this paper and by the men who are at the head of the crusade, I would point out that when the time comes a policy will be put forward. When the Ontario Legislature meets again it will be asked to do certain things. To announce in precise terms what remedy is proposed would be inadvisable at present, and before the Legislature meets again there will be a meeting of workers and all points will be considered and a definite course agreed upon.

A copy of our sixty-page pamphlet, *The Barnums of Business*, will be sent to any address on receipt of two three-cent stamps, and cheap prices for numbers of these for sale or free distribution will be quoted. Merchants engaged in legitimate trade will find this pamphlet the exponent of their cause, and they should see that it reaches every property-owner and workman in their field. The favorite plan is for half a dozen merchants in a town to join together and purchase enough of them to cover the district, and there is no reason why a town council (in the interests of the

## A Passing View of Casey.

**I**FORGET what particular firm he represented, but Casey was making his initial trip over the C.P.R. and was to put in his first kick at the crow-and-gull-infested city of Vancouver. During the time that he spent there Casey opened many bottles and many jack-pots, but few accounts.

A certain well known tragedian was performing there at the time, followed later by a lady mesmerist. The actor and Casey became warm friends, and when the former, filled with regal pride and imperial, disappeared, to the anguish of his company and the distress of his manager, it was Casey who found him peacefully slumbering in an old tumble-down shack in the stable-yard of the livery adjacent to the Hotel Vancouver, and it was Casey who sneaked a horse out of the aforesaid livery when the hostler's back was turned, harnessed it, hitched it up to the tragedian's "couch" and "coach," and drove at the risk of life and limb to the dock just in time to deliver the slumbering Thespian into the bosom of his support era the whistle tooted its final toot and the boat left for San Francisco.

It was Casey who cleaned out the redoubtable Louis Speilheimer at five dollar show-down, and everybody else who tried conclusions with him draw, such was his phenomenal luck.

It was Casey who did up China-town in the small hours with no collateral but his own bright breezy gall and a Smith and Wesson. Only thrice did he draw, once at a Chinaman, whom he fortunately missed, and twice in pure lightness of heart as he returned to the hotel; each of these beads dropped a crow, the licensed scavengers of the city. He explained afterwards that the first bird he bore was, judging by the noise he made, the Commissioner of Public Works among the crows. A passing mechanic informed him that there was a fine of twenty-five dollars for shooting a crow and fifty for a sea-gull. Said Casey:

"Bring on your gulls."

The night after Casey's footlight friend took his departure, Miss Blank, the mesmerist, gave a performance at the Opera House. That evening Casey had come into the hotel dining-room with a firm, set look on his face, somewhat bearded by his wild and roving eye. He took a seat at my table, and although our acquaintance was of the very slightest, requested me to "size him up."

"They're all *dead* but me," he said. "How do I look? Does my head look three sizes larger than usual?" Then in a husky whisper, "I've got all their stuff!" From which I gathered that Casey had been at his favorite occupation, opening jack-pots and bottles. I managed to evade him after dinner and went to the theater.

Miss Blank's performance was similar to others I had seen, with the exception of one "act."

When she stepped forward and made the usual request for subjects, there were but few responses beyond the regular professional ones she carried with her, and who, in their easy, matter-of-fact manner, plainly exposed their collusion. Suddenly I saw a familiar check-suit suddenly up the aisle and Casey climbed the platform.

Casey, with the expression of a judge, a Presbyterian elder and a McKinley all rolled into one. Casey with a "bob-tailed-flush-bluff" serenity of countenance and a gentle roll in his gait as of a Jack Tar new-landed. What Casey did that night must have proved a novel experience for Miss Blank, the mesmerist.

With consummate art and a nerve born of the fact that he probably couldn't see anybody, he went through the whole process apparently of being placed under the influence, vainly resisting, and finally succumbing.

"What have you been doing all day?" asked the mesmerist after having informed the audience that the subject was completely under her control.

"Playing poker," said Casey.

"Did you win?"

"Cert!"

The audience smiled.

"Like to play a hand or two?" continued Casey, taking a pack from his inside pocket.

"With pleasure," returned the lady.

Casey occupied himself with shuffling the cards while the mesmerist turned to the audience and explained how she was about to lead her subject on to make extravagant bets on his hand, and then awaken him to his discomfiture, her own triumph, and the amusement of the audience.

Casey still shuffled the cards.

"Randy," she said, seating herself opposite him at the table.

Casey dealt.

The lady showed her hand to the audience with a smile: "Four aces."

"How many cards?" said Casey.

"One," was the reply. "How many do you take?"

"I'll take a fresh hand," said Casey.

"Very well," she replied. "Now what do you bet that I have not a better hand than you?"

"I'll bet my ring against yours," replied Casey, without looking at his draw.

"Done!" said the lady, and she drew off the single jewel which adorned her left hand. Casey placed his ring beside it.

"Now," said the mesmerist to the audience, "I shall awaken this gentleman. First I shall, however, suggest something to him." She turned to Casey: "You will wake when I count three, but you will still remember that you are playing cards with me and that you have bet your ring against mine on the value of your hand."

Casey's eyes wandered over the audience. They met mine for a moment, and was it fancy, or did the right one close for the fraction of a second?

"One, two, three—wake!" She snapped her fingers.

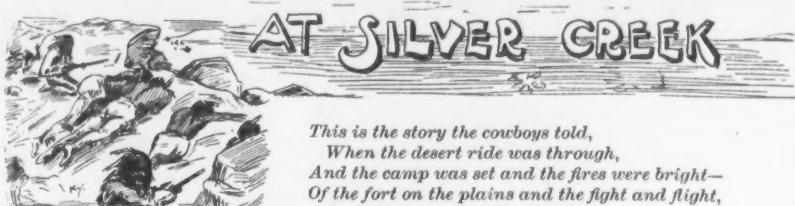
Casey leaned forward and placed his hand as if by impulse over the two rings. "Well," he said, "what have you got?"

"Four aces," she replied with a smile, showing them to the audience.

"It's no good," returned Casey, and held up his hand—king, queen, jack, ten and nine of clubs—a straight flush!

I left the city early next morning and have never seen Casey since, so that I am unable to say whether or not the lady recovered her ring, but judging from my slight knowledge of Casey I am inclined to the opinion that she did not.

OWEN A. SMITH.



*This is the story the cowboys told,  
When the desert ride was through,  
And the camp was set and the fires were bright—  
Of the fort on the plains and the fight and flight,  
And the Fear ordained for Two.*

There were men at the house at Silver Creek, rough riders of the plain, When the word went through that the brown Apache was out on the raid again. That the hostile bands had sallied forth from the foothills where they lay, And, stripped for war, were large and loose to rob and scalp and slay. Four cattlemen at Silver Creek, the guards of the herd beast, And Jackpot Jack, and the house was his, and his new-wed wife from the East. And she was a girl from Boston town; brown-haired and blue of eye, And Jack, who had never feared before, saw fear in earth and sky. For the lonely man may cast his life like a worn-out belt aside, But the double fear it grips his heart when he wins himself a bride. They saw the signal smoke afar, they counseled to retire, For the water was scant and the roofs were dry and you may not fight with fire. So they rode away from the house by night, six of them through the dark, Till they saw the light they had left behind die down to a distant spark. Hour upon hour, and the dawn grew pale and wide on the skies before, And there was no sign of Apache behind, nor sound on the level floor. But the softened beat of the ponies' feet and the rattle of spur or rein; Till the red light shot from the straight sky-line to the hills that end the plain. Then the cactus scrub it spirted fire and the bullets sizzled o'er, And the war-yeal rose from the ambushed foes with the ring of the "forty-four." The cowboys fired at the smoke-puffs white, and spurred like the flying wind, But the Indians pulled their bronchos up and rode on the track behind; It was sand below and hell behind and the brazen skies o'erhead, And the Eastern girl grew pale and pale at the whine of the passing lead. It was quiet and spun for miles on mile, sand and dust and heat, And the smell of the scorching leather-gear and the roar of the horses' feet. Mile upon mile in the blazing light and the wind was hot and thin, Till the hard mustangs they tired apace, and the yelling horde drew in. Then the six pulled up where a ridge of rock ran brown and rough and wide, And close they lay on the burning sand and the ponies lay beside. The Apaches circled 'round and 'round with shot and yell and jeer, But the wary plainsmen held their fire till the foal should come near. So the day dragged on but the rush held off, and the thirst of the desert came, Till the sun came down to the western peaks and touched the lee with flame.



And the new-wed wife she laid her face in her dusty hands and cried, And Jack cursed softly betwixt his teeth and the shot he fired went wide. There was no hope that all might clear, yet one, perchance, or two. Might in the dark,—and the cowboys spoke and showed Jack what to do. And Jack turned red with bitter shame and white with biting fear, And he looked from his friends to his Eastern wife, and back to the desert drear. Night fell black on the rolling plain to cover the two who fly, With four to hold the Apache in check and to finish the fight, and die. Jack and the girl rode far and fast, loose rein through midnight blind, And he groaned in the anguish of his soul as he heard the shots behind. He would not hear when she spoke to him, but bent o'er the saddle-bow— Fast and fast through the dusty dark as the herds stamped go! Hour on hour, and the shots behind had long since died away, And never a word until they came to Yuca at break of day. He carried his wife to an open house, but he put her arms aside, And turned on his heel and out to the streets and called for men to ride. There were twenty men that galloped out, full armed and hot for fight, And they rode till the sun was hot and high, on the line of the midnight flight. They neared the straggling ridge of rock, they heard no shots nor sound, And Jack at the head looked out and saw the silenced battle-ground. Stripped and scalped the corpses lay, black and gashed and grim, And spent shells heaped the trampled ground beside each loose-flung limb. Jack looked down on the bloody sand and looked at the staring dead, And thought of the fight his friends had fought—the fight that the twain had fled. He swung from the saddle and sat him down on the blackened burning sands, And the hot tears trickled through and dropped as he bent his face in his hands; They dropped where the blood had caked the sand, where a life had run to rest, Where the four had fought to the last least blow, and had died like men of the West.

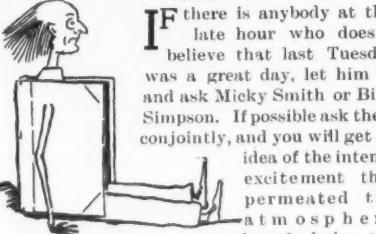


*This is the tale the vaqueros told,  
When the daylong ride was through,  
When the steers were still, and the pipes aight—  
Of the fight on the plains and the midnight flight,  
And the Fear ordained for Two.*

FRANK L. POLLOCK.

Toronto, June, '97.

## At the Jubilee Games.



**I**f there is anybody at this late hour who doesn't believe that last Tuesday was a great day, let him go and ask Micky Smith or Billy Simpson. If possible ask them conjointly, and you will get an idea of the intense excitement that permeated the atmosphere breathed by the

a calm disregard for danger and the rights of others, is possessed of perseverance under opposition, and a strong ambition to oppose.

"Bobbie," Mrs. Jackson would say. "My word!"

Bobbie would be wriggling out of his mother's grasp.

"Ma, look, there's Mrs. Stevens," Emily would suddenly exclaim.

Ma would look for Mrs. Stevens, relax her vigilance for a moment in contemplation of Mrs. Stevens' bonnet, and Bobbie would embrace the opportunity to indulge his appetite for exploration.

"Where's Bobbie?" Mrs. Jackson would look around in bewilderment.

Presently Mary would espouse him out in the road among the buggies and horses, and bannana-carts and other delightful excitements, enjoying himself immensely.

"My word," Mrs. Jackson would say on recovering her property. "My word, it's lucky the policeman didn't get you. Jenny, give over sucking your elastic. No, you mustn't put it behind your ears. Put your hat on straight, child, and leave the elastic under your chin. You too, Emily. You'll have ears like a donkey if you wear—Bobby, sit still; sit still, sir. My word! I'd like to see the policeman get you. I'd love to see a horse run over you and tramp on your head and squash you. My word! Perhaps you'd be good then. My word!"

But Bobby kept on wiggling and sliding and getting away. His mother was there to look after him, and he meant that she should have lots of it.

A Scotchman and his wife squeezed up against the ropes and stood there, wordless, until a lot of boys lined up for a foot-race.

"There he is," said she.

"Ay," said he, "I see him."

He was a clean-limbed, beautifully built lad of about fifteen.

When he won his race he came over, still breathing hard, to where the two had been leaning over the ropes in breathless excitement a moment before but were now standing quietly and soberly. There was a sparkle in his eye, but otherwise his face was without emotion or feeling of any kind.

His father looked him in the eyes, let his hand rest on the lad's shoulder a moment, and said never a word. His mother leaned over the rope a moment, and then in her rather harsh tones said:

"You'd better pit on your coat before you

for further particulars of the exciting events at the Toronto Exhibition grounds, it might be well to consult the mother of the promising young man, Mr. Bobbie Henry Jackson. Mr. Jackson has reached the advanced age of two years and three months and has developed already a tolerably strong will of his own. Mrs. Jackson is also the mother of Masters Willie, Tom, John, Arthur, Richard and George, and the Misses Mary, Jane and Emily Jackson. She had the family with her on Tuesday to see her sister's boy run, and had a very exciting time. Bobbie Henry, the youngest, will doubtless make a great man. He shows a tireless energy,

catch cold."

But there was evidently an unusual tenderness in her voice, for the boy looked up quickly and half smiled. Then he walked away, and presently I saw him putting on his coat.

Sixty years from now will be the time to listen to accounts of the Diamond Jubilee. Impressions formed now will strengthen like bottled wine and the boys of to-day, the grandfathers then, will tell the boys of sixty years hence tales of the crowds and commotion, and the games that would astonish even themselves to-day, and they will bring out the medals won in the historic year of 1897.

"There," they'll say, "that's the kind of boy I was. You fellows nowadays are just stick-in-the-muds. Why don't you get out and do something? Should've seen me when I was a boy."

S. H.

## The Governor of New Zealand.

**L**ORD RANFURLY, the newly appointed Governor of New Zealand, passed through Toronto last week. In an interview with a reporter before leaving London, he stated that he proposed to spend Jubilee Day with the Earl of Aberdeen at Ottawa, but as His Excellency and Lady Aberdeen are absent, this arrangement was altered and Lord Ranfurly passed on. That the English papers are becoming Americanized is shown by



The Earl of Ranfurly.

interview with the Earl of Ranfurly, published in *St. James' Budget*, in which his lordship is made to enumerate the various vehicles, trunks, guns, tents, cases of wine, etc., that he was taking with him.

"Lady Ranfurly is taking her Skye terrier with her," said his lordship, in a spirit of sarcasm let us hope, "but the poor thing will have to undergo a quarantine of six months on an island." His lordship was forced to confess that his party would carry about sixty tons of baggage. The Earl of Ranfurly is described as a genial Irishman, and possessed of unusual energy.

## Strangers Within Our Gates.

**T**HE excursion season is now upon us. Every day one sees groups of ladies with shawls and umbrellas, and gentlemen overcoat on arm, cloth cap on head, slowly strolling up Yonge street, amidst the hurrying throng, gazing right and left and stopping in the middle of the pavement to read signs and call one another's attention to articles in shop windows. It's curious how interestingly the patriotic citizen watches the strangers. He feels a personal anxiety as to how the city shall impress the traveler from afar. If it is cloudy and raw, or if there is a lull in the traffic for any reason, he feels like going up to the visitors and explaining that they have happened upon the worst possible time to see the city at its best; they should see it at three o'clock of a bright Saturday afternoon, or in the evening, or almost any time but the present; and it's generally sunny here and warm, and it doesn't rain once in a month, etc. But to accost a total stranger on the street thus would be hardly the thing, so the patriotic citizen is forced to let the transients tilt by unenlightened and go home, alas! perhaps with false and unfavorable impressions.

## What Is Dramatic Criticism?

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT has this to say about a singer whom Tivoli frequenters ought to remember well: "Warwick Ganor as the Captain was fairly satisfactory. He has the Robert Mantell stride and stalked around H. M. S. Pinafore in a way that must have loosened the planks of the deck and parted the seams from stem to stern. One can readily believe that Ganor 'stalked around H. M. S. Pinafore' at the Tivoli his stage stride used to be a standing joke. Yet he was a valuable acquisition to the company in spite of the stalk. He could act, and what is more to the purpose in an operatic organization, he could sing. *Appros* of this style of criticism exemplified in the SATURDAY NIGHT except, it is wholly of the style Mr. Timothy Daniel Frawley terms "brutal personal attacks," the manner of criticism that seems to be in vogue throughout the Eastern States and Canada at present.

The above item appeared in the San Francisco *Town Talk*, one of the most artistically printed papers on the continent. The whole question of dramatic criticism is one that should be discussed, and, in the summer months, it would be instructive if some of the leading actors and actresses were to give their opinions of what is and what is not legitimate criticism. The press would not necessarily show any respect for the conclusions arrived at, yet most newspaper men would like to know what the profession respects in the way of criticism. We know, now, in a general way, that actors approve a critic who praises them, and despise the one who finds fault.

What should a critic say about Mr. Ganor? He strode and he stalked. He didn't know his lines. He sang and acted fairly well, yet, over and above all, he used a stride that could not be overlooked. Was it brutal to say so?

The practice of this paper has always been to publish dramatic criticisms in the interests, so

far as possible, of the people rather than of the players. Even with this policy always in mind, we generally err on the side of generosity, for not one theatrical company in a score nearly approaches in merit the promises made by advance agents. If our critic did his whole duty to the public he would often say: "The show is simply a fake. The company carries no scenery; the players are all novices; the 'attraction' would never have been brought here only it serves as a stop-gap, and anyone who goes near it will be sick of the alleged play before it is half over."

No critic does his whole duty to the public. He knows that the novices are trying to get a footing and that they take themselves very seriously, so he dulls his pencil and writes mildly.

We are inclined to the opinion that the duty of a dramatic critic is, after all, nothing more nor less than to supply information to his readers as to the merits of plays—to answer the unasked question: "What about the playhouses this week? Which play shall we get tickets for?" The first-nighters go and taste for themselves, but a great many people prefer to wait, and if they once learn that press reports cannot be relied upon they get their tips on the streets. If the newspapers always told the unqualified truth about plays, it would be a great convenience to the public and a great advantage to good actors and performances of real merit. As it is now, a green reporter is often sent to a poor play and he praises it without stint; and a well-posted man goes to a good play and analyzes the whole performance so adroitly that the casual reader would suppose that the poor play was faultless and the good play

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Barbarossa.....July 22 H. H. Meier.....Aug. 19  
Koenig Luise.....July 29 Fried der Grosse.....Aug. 26  
Saloon \$75; second saloon, \$12.50 upward.

New York, Southampton (London) Bremen  
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Havel.....July 6 Lahm.....July 27  
Saale.....July 13 Havel.....Aug. 3  
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Paris.....June 30 10 New York, July 21 10  
St. Paul.....July 7 A.M. Paris.....July 28 A.M.

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RIVER

RAIL

## Anecdotal.

Theodore Hook, while dining at a friend's house, met his publisher, who appeared to have taken as much wine as was good for him. "I see you have emptied your wine-cellar into my book-seller," remarked the wit.

In the early part of the Queen's reign a story was current that her Majesty once asked the Duke of Wellington what kind of boots he was in the habit of wearing. "People call them Wellington, madam." "How absurd!" her Majesty exclaimed. "Where, I should like to know, will they find a pair of Wellingtons?"

Not long ago the Right Reverend William Croswell Doane of Albany paid a visit to the Old Country, and while there registered as "William of Albany." On his return he met Bishop Potter, who had also been to Yurup, but got home first, when the latter said: "Too bad, Doane, that you didn't live in Buffalo; in that case you could have registered as Buffalo Bill."

One Sunday morning recently a collier, going up a street in Vancouver, met another pitman dressed in his "Sunday suit" of black cloth, but pushing in front of him a heavy wheelbarrow. "Hello, Jack," said the first, "what are

you doing?"

ta doing wi' t' barrow?" "Well," was the reply, "I've lost t' dog, and my chum Bill's away, and a chap looks such a fool walking out by himself!"

Wendell Phillips once, when he was interrupted by an unfriendly audience, stooped down and began talking in a low voice to the men at the reporters' table. Some of the auditors, becoming curious, called "Louder." Whereupon Phillips straightened himself up and exclaimed: "Go right on, gentlemen, with your noise. Through these pencils"—pointing to the reporters—"I speak to forty million people."

Senator Cameron once called upon President Lincoln in behalf of an applicant for a consulship who was a particularly pestiferous person to him. "Where do you want to have him sent?" asked the President. There was a large globe in the room. The Pennsylvania senator put one arm around it as far as he could reach, and said: "I do not know what my finger is on, but send him there." And he was sent.

Bishop Potter visited a brother prelate last summer at a popular seaside resort. As the bishops were walking home from the Sunday morning service, they could not fail to notice the crowds of bathers in the surf, clad and unclad in all manner of costumes. The resident prelate turned to his visitor, saying, with a sigh: "What should you do if you were confronted by a problem like that in your diocese?" "Brother," Bishop Potter quietly replied, "this is not my see!"

While making a post-prandial speech in Chicago the other night, Colonel Watterson lamented that he was unable to summon to his assistance the comfort which Daniel was able to summon when he found himself in the lion's den. Casting about him and ascertaining that there was no possible means of escape, the prophet folded his arms and turned upon the ferocious beast which was licking his chops preparatory to devouring him, and he said: "There is one comfort, anyhow. After this meal there won't be any speech-making."

An old-time Abolitionist in Illinois went to a theater in Chicago and saw Forrest playing Othello. The stranger was not very well up in Shakespeare, and did not know that the tragedian was a white man, who had blacked his face for the part. After the play was over the friends who had invited the Illinois man to go to the show wanted to know what he thought of the actors, and he said: "Waal, layin' aside all sectional prejudices and any partiality I may have had for the race, blamed of I don't think the nigger held his own with any on 'em!"

Prince Bismarck was once asked by Count Enzenberg, formerly Hessian envoy at Paris, to write something in his album. The page on which he had to write contained the autographs of Guizot and Thiers. The former had written, "I have learned in my long life two rules of prudence. The first is to forgive much; the second is never to forget." Under this Thiers had written, "A little forgetting would not detract from the sincerity of the forgiveness." Prince Bismarck added, "As for me, I have learned to forget much, and to ask to be forgiven much."

Mrs. Paran Stevens, the New York society leader, had a drunken coachman in her service. On one occasion she was at a party, when her host thought it was his duty to inform her that the man was so tipsy that it would not be safe for her to allow him to drive her home. Mrs. Stevens said very quietly, "Let me speak to the fellow myself," and she went to the hall-door, where the following dialogue was overheard: "Are you drunk, John?" "Yes, ma'am." "Are you more drunk than usual, John?" "No, ma'am." "Let down the steps, then! I shall go home."

## Between You and Me.

THE time-worn saying that "clothes make the man" is one of the vulgarities of a materialistic age, and yet anyone who has studied the relation between the clothes and the wearer will be amazed to find how certain is the connection between certain traits in humanity and certain styles in dress. Run-over boots, for instance—did ever you know a good smart business man, a dainty, neat, fastidious woman, to wear run-over boots? And there are colors that proclaim the traits of their wearers; remark the timid, nervous, enthusiastic, unpractical woman who wears silver-gray; note the loud, aggressive and outspoken dame who delights in crimson and deep green. There is a shrew in yellow, that cruel bright yellow; and the would-be fine lady in pink and blue, all crude shades, which are softened and refined into a dozen pleasant variations when adopted by persons of culture and possessing taste. You cannot fancy some men, conventional, stately and conservative, in a gray tweed suit; the thing is monstrous. There are women who seem born to be trussed into smart set costumes, and women who slip naturally into loose, artistic and flowing draperies. There is no doubt each woman's mind is of the type of her clothes. There are persons who deliberately warp their true natures in the matter of garments, and there are others who, poor creatures, find life more or less of a soul-hunger for beauty and harmony to be satisfied by cheap and awful garb, the mocking stone in place of the good wheat loaf.

But this is not what I started out to say. Rather was I thinking of a woman who had been much wounded by a scathing criticism on her clothes. The clothes may have been gaudy, or tasteless, or inappropriate, or shabby—gentle. No matter, she was wrung by the criticism and bitter thoughts squeezed from some wounded, sensitive spot. And the critic's standard was so unutterably vulgar! The being affected by the criticism was also a confession of weakness that allowed vulgarity to sway one into unrest. For the clothes-value of a man or a woman is the lowest value; then comes personal excellence; then the grace of sweet, pure habits; then the dower of the well cultured mind; then the golden prize of the warm, loving heart,

"Two hours of sleep before midnight are better than four after that hour." "Fiddlesticks! Two hours of sleep after one is called in the morning are better than all the others."—West Union Gazette.

Sparring-teacher—What? No more lessons? Why, you only took two. Amateur (much the worse for wear)—You see, I wanted to take enough lessons so that I could learn enough about the body to tickle a man. I've changed my mind now. I guess I will send the fellow down to take the rest of the lessons.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Much Ado.  
Punch.



fall to do as I tell you. I am feeling anxious yo should.

VERITAS.—1. Say, do you keep a taffy-shop? I am positively blushing over your adjectives. 2. Your writing shows ardor and enthusiasm, generosity, sympathy and capacity for great affection. Go slow, my friend; you load a cannon to shoot a bumble-bee! But that's your superlative way, and you can't help it; what a bounteous creature is! Good business method, courage and considerate talent, with sufficient caution and some prejudices, daring for a big scheme, but some contempt for diplomacy, are yours. You live plentifully, think broadly and act independently. If you'll kindly withdraw your compliments and temper your expressions I'll give you credit also for good judgment. Don't you know that too much taffy makes one weary? And, by the way, things are not in my case exactly as your generous observation has led you to conclude.

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June 26, 1897

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

## Studio and Gallery

The work of the pupils of the different art schools in painting, designing, etc., and also some of the ladies' colleges, is on exhibition in the Normal School this week. The Loretto Abbey display of paintings was large, consisting mainly of fruit and flowers, evidencing much painstaking labor, but would admit of softer finish and more light, although the snowballs of Miss M. Laxton were very soft and delicate, and Miss E. Trimble's lilacs and vase is a lovely piece of composition. Miss H. Rieux's flowers are also good. The water-colors are much more pleasing as a whole. The display of china was the largest shown and comprised many beautiful pieces of exquisite work. There is some black and white work also, and a large and varied display in antique.

Alma College of St. Thomas covered a much wider range of subjects, showing progressive ambitious work and originality. Miss T. Teeple's several pieces reveal a praiseworthy desire to aim high, and with much success in conception and coloring, although the drawing in some cases is not perfect. Miss Livingstone's still-life (onions) is very beautiful. Miss Baker has a well executed basket of eggs. Some good figures and heads in black and white and three columns complete this interesting display.

The Hamilton Art School's display of mechanical drawings is exceptionally fine, and includes a great variety of subjects; designs for wall-papers, cotton prints, tiles, painted ceilings, grates, lace curtains, lace handkerchiefs, rugs, and other very practical designs—the legitimate objects of all mechanical arts. Miss M. Ireland and Miss Skeed show clever work in this department. The architectural designs are numerous, more so than any other school, and involve great labor and careful execution. W. A. James, T. Cockburn, H. O'Reilly and others excel in machinery work. The antique work is also good. The paintings are very few. Hamilton needs to "look up" in this department.

The London School display of paintings is also small. There are several pretty sketches. J. R. Russet shows some photo-zinc sketches and J. R. Duff some clever pen-and-ink work. Some wood carving is also shown.

Whitby College shows through Miss B. Metcalfe some very good fruit and flowers, and Miss E. Dartnell similar still life, and both must be credited with some variety and much good work.

The Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, sends several oils, Miss E. Don Carlos and Miss Flaherty having several pieces. The sheen of the flowers in some appears to be too great for the nature of the surface on which they rest. This school sends some very pretty pieces of china also.

St. Joseph's small display of paintings is very bright and very pretty, comprising some delicate bits of scenery.

Belleville sends amongst her paintings two good studies in horse-chestnuts and some clever designs in lead-pencil.

From Brockville the mechanical drawings of Miss M. Stewart are particularly worthy of note. They include designs in papers, oilcloths, a lovely rug of lively colors, and represent much ingenuity and exactness. T. G. Storey's tiles are also worthy of note. W. R. Lindsay shows varied work in oil, water-color, and two monochromes. Miss C. Kearns has a very expressive child's face in a much too solid frame.

Kingston's display is small. Miss H. T. Wrenshall has several pieces of different kinds of work. C. Baird has some good heads in oil. There is also some stained glass, and a few antique studies.

Toronto Art School sends some clever studies of heads in oil. Miss C. Hillyard's is very expressive. The pen-and-ink sketches by C. H. Kahrs are extremely clever, as also some figures in crayon. The mechanical exhibit is not so large nor so varied as Hamilton's. There are several beautiful paper designs, but the stained glass designs of J. W. Jeffreys and W. A. Lyon are bits of wonderfully clever and delicate workmanship and artistic conception. Boyce also shows good work. A jewel casket is so

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well done as to attract special notice, and the antique work is well represented.

Ottawa's exhibit of paintings is especially good. Miss Lily Moir is a student of no mean parts. Her roses are soft in outline, delicate in color and expressive in feeling. Several figures are here also; one in water-color is most beautiful in coloring. Miss E. Davis' soft water-colors are also beautiful and her other work is creditable. Miss Marion Laving displays great diversity of talent; her wall-papers and prints are very fine, as are her gate stone and tiles. Violet Hewitt has prints and architectural designs revealing inventive genius. C. P. Chalker shows much skill in his mechanical drawings. I do not remember seeing any antique work from Ottawa.

Such exhibits should tend to stimulate greater interest in the work of these schools on the part of the public, and a greater desire to get nearer the standard of perfection on the part of the schools. Much more might be done by government to encourage and develop this most interesting and beneficial—in every sense—line of study. To those who display special talent in any branch, special inducements should be held out to perfect themselves in their art, and much might be done to this end if certain rewards were offered to successful students; for instance—a course of study of some years under the best attainable masters in the most favorable surroundings. France has done much to encourage rising artists. Her Prix de Rome afforded the recipient a four years' course of study in Italy under the best masters, a very great stimulus to any sincere artist. In our public schools also art should receive some encouragement. Competitive exhibitions of the children's work revealing any specially talented one, should bring the reward of special provision being made for the further education and development of such an one. We hail with delight our new art gallery, but the simple fact of being permitted to hang the product of one's brains and heart on the walls of the gallery with some measure of pecuniary compensation should not be all that could be offered. It should be the aim of the Government to make further, and very much better, productions possible and easy. It was our intention this week to speak more particularly of the Ontario Society of Artists' collection in the Normal School, but we must defer this until next week.

The closing exercises of the Bloor street (Presbyterian) Ladies' College were held on Friday, June 25.

Mr. Colin Forbes is doing well in Rochester, and has made capital portraits of many celebrities, including President McKinley.

The summer sketch class of the Buffalo Art Students' League leaves that city on July 3 for Bridgeport, that delightful little village within two miles of Berlin, Ont. Some fine sketching can be done along the Grand River. Mr. Lucius W. Hitchcock, a pupil of Laurens, Constant and Lefebvre, accompanies the class as instructor. Mr. Hitchcock has already this season spent a short time at Bridgeport spying out the ground, along with Mr. Carl Ahrens, who also is summering at Bridgeport.

There is on view at Roberts' Art Gallery a small painting by Kever dated 1882. Those who have seen his later pictures cannot but be sensible of the vast difference between this and his present work. Mr. Kever is one of Holland's cleverest present artists.

The Woman's Art Association give a permanent free exhibition during the summer months in the rooms over Mr. Ambrose Kent's store, Yonge street, which will open this week. It is hoped the public will avail themselves of this opportunity of seeing what some of our lady artists are accomplishing.

The china set being prepared by the artists of Toronto, on which so much time has been spent and loving skill exercised, is to be ready for public exhibition probably next week. All who can should inspect this beautiful tribute of loyalty, the acknowledgment of good women to a good and true woman.

Miss Couen, china artist, has gone to spend the summer in British Columbia.

Miss Bertha Williams goes to Bermuda, and we can well imagine will come back well pleased with designs for future use.

McClure's Magazine for June contains many full cuts of Her Majesty from paintings by prominent artists. The scenes include views of different stages of her life from infancy to the present time.

Mrs. Reid's panel of roses, so much appreciated at the Ontario Society's late exhibit, has been purchased for the Provincial Gallery, as also Mr. Manly's water-color landscape.

Madeleine Vanden Broeck, whose picture of Rider is on view in Roberts & Son's Art Gallery, has left for her home in Belgium.

Miss E. E. Lampert, whose beautiful pieces, Cumberland Mountains, The Locks, Evening at the Farm, Landscape, were enjoyed by so many at the recent exhibit given by the Woman's Art Association here, was married on June 9 to a kindred spirit, Mr. C. Cooper, artist, whose home is in Philadelphia, where they will reside. They have gone to Europe for the summer.

The Carbon Studio to be opened by Mr. Fraser Bryce at Roberts' Art Rooms is now ready.

This beautiful photography claims superiority over all other on the ground that it is the only permanent coloring.

The tints are delicate and are in different colors, sepia, light green, pink, black and white. The impression is clear, the finish dull and rich.

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"No, I never talk to an inferior." "But have you ever met one?"—*Courrier des Etats-Unis.*

## Three Reviews on the Empire.

**T**HE African Review says: At whatever cost we must accept the principle of free trade within the Empire which was enunciated at the Ottawa conference. It is preposterous that we should bind ourselves not to allow our colonies to grant preferential advantages to English imports because it does not suit the convenience of Germany or Belgium, especially when these two Powers, or any other interested Powers, could put themselves on an equality with Great Britain were they to remove duties as against the colonies—Canada in particular, so far as the present issue is concerned. We have little doubt but that South Africa would quickly follow the lead of Canada.

The British Review touches another side of the question: The vote of the Cape Assembly in favor of contributing to the Imperial navy shows not merely that the Colonists are conscious of the advantages of the Imperial connection, but that they think them worth paying for. Empire, like other good things, is not to be had without a price. The Colonists, not wholly to their credit, have hitherto shown a most scrupulous desire to temper their Imperialism with a due regard for their own pockets. The Cape Resolution is one sign of a salutary change. The example—it had been set in a small way by the Australian colonies a few years ago—will be followed, imitated and improved upon. The navy, partly paid for, and perhaps partly manned and officered, by the extra-European subjects of Queen Victoria, as well as by the inhabitants of these Islands, will be an Imperial navy indeed. The federation of the Empire may still be far off, but the confederacy of the sea has begun.

The Whitehall Review takes a glance into the future in a general way: If England will stand by her Colonies, there is abundance of evidence that her Colonies will stand by her; and with the formidable competition of France and Germany—with their new-born colonial zeal—in the field, this unity of forces was never so necessary. Our progress to the present day has been one long succession of triumphant colonization. The bonds of blood and language, which knit the colonies to the Mother Country, are being slowly but surely strengthened day by day, and there can be but little doubt that England as a nation is only now upon the threshold of what she is destined to become—the greatest Empire of all time, the pioneer of true freedom, and the federator of the world.

## A Poet's Difficulty.

Bazar.

"Your Majesty," said Sir Walter Raleigh to Queen Elizabeth, "I am writing a sonnet to you."

"Indeed!" said the Queen, pleased.

"Yes," said Raleigh, "but I'm very much pleased. For the sake of my poem would you allow me to seem to be disrespectful in just one line? I speak of you as the finest Queen there is, and of how you do things with a whiz, and how your speech is full of fizz; and then my rhymes give out, unless your Royal Highness will let me allude to you as Liz. May I?"

"Did you tell that young man not to call here any more?" asked Mabel's father severely. "No no." "Why not?" "I didn't think that it was necessary. I don't see how he could call any more, now. He calls seven times a week."—*Washington Star.*

## CATARRH CONQUERED.

IT IS A BLOOD DISEASE. PROOF POSITIVE THAT RYCKMAN'S KOOTENAY CURE THOROUGHLY ERADICATES THIS WIDE-Spread DISEASE.

Of all the diseases that have been exploited by charlatans and quacks Catarrh is one that has received more than its share of attention.

Snuffs, sprays, douches, inhalations, etc., have all had their day, and after their use the Catarrh has remained as bad as before, so that now many sufferers have become convinced that they are possessed of an incurable affection that must remain with them to their dying day, sapping their strength and rendering them miserable and disgusting to their friends.

Let's tell you that Ryckman's Kootenay Cure gets at Catarrh through the blood. It destroys the germ that is the immediate cause of the trouble and sends rich pure blood to the part, so that all offensive discharges cease and a rapid cure is effected.

Here's a case in point, Mr. W. G. Cox, who conducts a flour and feed store at 374 King Street West, Hamilton, was troubled with Catarrh for ten years, tried nearly all the catarrh remedies advertised without success till he began taking Ryckman's Kootenay Cure. He says the results have exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

Mrs. Margaret Sovereign, living at 376 King Street, in the same city, under oath makes a declaration to the effect that her daughter Lulu, aged 14, was troubled with Catarrh for two years and had poor health. The doctor said she had inflammation of the lungs and Catarrh. She became so run down that until she commenced taking Kootenay her mother was alarmed about her. After she had taken a bottle and a half of this wonderful remedy and the "new ingredient" had a chance to get in its work, the Catarrh disappeared, her cheeks became rosy and she gained eleven pounds. These cases ought to be enough to convince the most sceptical, but if you are desirous of more proof, send to the Ryckman Medicine Co., Hamilton, Ont., and sworn statements of cures will be sent you free.

One bottle lasts over a month.

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## Social and Personal.

Dr. and Mrs. Parkin left on Thursday for England by the steamer Vancouver.

Yesterday afternoon the At Home of the Toronto Cricket Club was held on the cricket ground at University and a game played between Toronto and Trinity.

The Mayor and Council of Penetanguishene will hold their annual dinner at The Penetanguishene (summer hotel) on the evening of July 1. Many prominent men will be present.

Rev. J. A. Morison, Mrs. Morison, and Miss Josephine Stegmann have gone to Listowel to attend the marriage of Miss Olive Nichol, youngest daughter of the late Dr. Nichol.

The following is a list of some of those who have already engaged rooms at the Penetanguishene: Mr. and Mrs. George Fiske, Mrs. and Miss Sweeny of Buffalo, N. Y., Hon. C. R. Parsons, ex-Mayor of Rochester, N. Y., wife and family; Dr. William W. Coldham and family, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Taylor of Toledo, Ohio, and Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt C. LeFevre of Buffalo, N. Y.

A little daughter was left by the storks as a Jubilee present for Mr. and Mrs. Lally McCarthy on Monday.

A dinner, one of many at which the pastor of St. Andrew's and his charming wife have been the guests of honor, was given at Clover Hill by Mr. and Mrs. Kerr Osborne on Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Grayson Smith and Miss Grayson Smith sail for England to-day.

Sir Casimir and Lady Gospolski left The Hall on Thursday and will sail for England to-day by the Labrador, on which boat are to travel many well known Canadians this trip.

The engagement of Dr. Frederick Capon of Carlton street and Miss Agnes Edith Murray of Montreal is announced.

Capt. Peter Paterson was one of the veterans who took part in the military parade the other day. Capt. Paterson was identified with the Queen's Own at its inception, and an officer of

the military escort to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on his visit to Toronto. Capt. Paterson danced *vis-à-vis* in the lancers to the Prince on that occasion.

Colonel Haskell, an eloquent speaker and lecturer for the Keeley League, will speak on the subject of temperance at Broadway Hall, Spadina Avenue, at 3 p. m. Sunday next.

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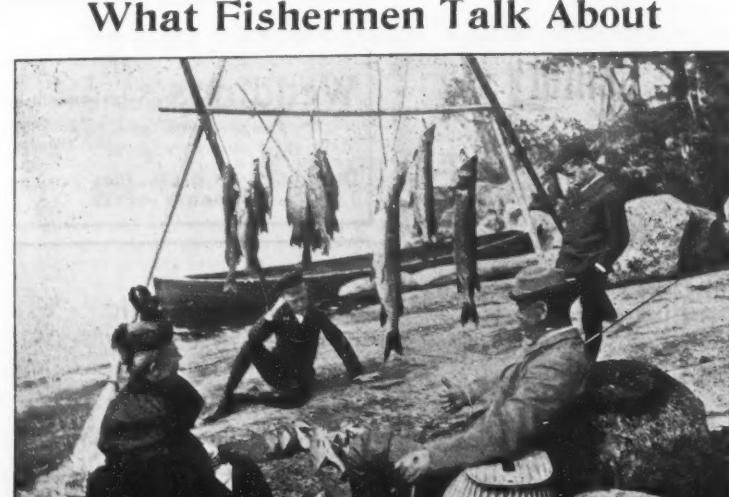
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## Music.

The patriotic concert given in Massey Music Hall on Monday evening last by the Toronto Philharmonic in honor of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty's accession, proved a very interesting event. The programme, which was almost long enough for two concerts, included a large number of national and patriotic songs, choruses, etc., and Mr. J. Humphrey Anger's sacred cantata, a most appropriate work for the occasion, *A Song of Thanksgiving*. Chief interest naturally centered in the first production in Canada of Mr. Anger's cantata. It had previously been performed in England by the Bath Philharmonic Society, a musical organization of national repute. The gold medal offered by this society for the best cantata for solo voices, chorus and orchestra was awarded Mr. Anger's *A Song of Thanksgiving*, the judges being Sir Arthur Sullivan, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie and Mr. Eaton Fanning. The performance of the cantata on Monday evening last impressed the audience with the cleverness and scholarly ability of the composer. The music is melodious and dignified throughout, and the scoring generally reveals the hand of an accomplished musician. Lack of space prevents a detailed notice of the various numbers constituting the cantata, but it may briefly be said that despite a rather weak performance of the work it created a most favorable impression upon those present and was warmly applauded. The soloists in the cantata were: Mrs. H. W. Parker, soprano; Miss Florence MacPherson, contralto, and Mr. Walter H. Robinson, tenor. These also took part in the lengthy miscellaneous part of the programme, also did Mrs. Mima Lund-Reburn, contralto; Miss Mary Waldrum, soprano; Mr. Pier Delasco, basso; Mr. Rechab Tandy, tenor, and Mr. Fred Warrington, baritone. Needless to say, these popular vocalists were all enthusiastically received, and in several instances heartily encored. The chorus also sang several numbers with very good effect in the miscellaneous portion of the programme. A popular success was Mr. H. H. Godfrey's *The Land of the Maple*, which was loudly encored. This stirring song has, I am informed, already reached a sale of over ten thousand copies, and the demand for it appears to be on the increase. Mr. Anger conducted with his usual care and judgment, and Mr. Dinelli accompanied on the piano several numbers not scored for the orchestra, with his accustomed skill. A feature of the performance was a splendid address, appropriate to the occasion, delivered by Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education. The audience was not very large in numbers, although many leading citizens were present.

Through the death of Dr. Stocks Hammond, organist of St. James' cathedral, the city loses one of its most gifted and versatile musicians. An affection of the lungs, from which he had been suffering for four months, proved fatal on Friday morning last. Dr. Hammond came to Toronto from St. Peter's church, Reading, Pa., about a year ago, where he had filled an important position for two years. He was, however, an Englishman, and was for eight years a pupil of Frederick Atkinson, organist of Norwich cathedral. His knowledge of the voice was gained under the tuition of Carlo Pintuti. Dr. Hammond was for some years organist and choirmaster of St. Barnabas church, Bradford, Eng., where he conducted the Bradford Harmonic Society and the Bradford Orchestra, which made tours to all parts of England. After settling down here Dr. Hammond continued for some time to visit the United States to conduct musical societies in Pennsylvania. He was dean of the musical faculty of the Pennsylvania Chautauqua. His chief attainments, however, were as a church organist and choirmaster, and under his direction the choir of St. James' attained an enviable degree of proficiency. Dr. Hammond was a prolific composer, his compositions numbering about one hundred and seventy, both sacred and secular. He held a degree of licentiate of the London College of Music, and was one of its examiners. Dr. Hammond stood very high in the Masonic order. He was a 32nd degree Mason of the Philadelphia Consistory, and had composed several Masonic pieces. The lamented musician was buried at St. James' cemetery on Monday afternoon last after a most impressive service at the cathedral.

An interesting drawing-room piano recital was given on Friday evening, June 18, at the home of Miss Marguerite Hall, A. T. C. M., Bernard avenue, when a number of that young lady's pupils acquitted themselves in a way that must have been most pleasing to the parents and friends who quite filled this pretty drawing-room. Among those who took part were: Misses Mamie and Gracie Stone, Miss Josie Pugsley, Miss Vra Wright, Miss Patti Warren, Miss Florence Bradford, Miss Elsie Thorne, Miss Edna Rogers, Master Ernest Lawrence, and Master Douglas Warren, who all gave evidence of the careful tuition they had received and reflected the greatest credit upon Miss Hall, who evidently thoroughly understands her work and is most conscientious in it. Miss Hall's pupils were assisted by Mrs. Willson Lawrence, who gave a couple of songs, and by Miss Edith Gibson, whose cello solo was much admired. Both of the above mentioned were accorded hearty encores and were presented with beautiful bouquets of roses. A pleasing feature of the evening was Mrs. Lawrence's intelligent and clever rendering of Gounod's *Ave Maria*, with cello obligato by Miss Gibson and piano accompaniment by her youthful son, Master Ernest, who is to be congratulated upon his playing.

The musical examinations at Loretto Abbey, which were held on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week under the direction of Mr. A. S. Vogt of the Conservatory of Music staff, were among the most successful in the history of the Abbey. The number of pupils presenting themselves for examination and the very high order of their work gave unmistakable proof of the thoroughness of the instruction imparted at the Abbey in both instrumental and vocal departments, and reflected highest credit upon Sister M. Margarite and her associate piano teachers, and upon Mr. Schuch, under whose direction the vocal department has attained a most enviable reputation. Prizes were awarded in the piano department as follows: Gold medal, Miss Rioux; special prizes awarded by the

examiner, to Miss Jones and Miss Edith Mason; silver medals, Miss Coppering and Miss Lynn; silver lyre in junior department, Miss Dockery. In vocal music the following prizes were awarded: Gold medal in graduating course, Miss Chapin; silver medal in intermediate year, presented by Mr. Schuch to Miss Ruby Shea.

The last meeting of the Toronto Clef Club for the season, which was held on Thursday evening of last week, partook largely of the nature of a farewell to the president, Mr. H. M. Field, who leaves early next month in order to take up his residence permanently in Leipzig. Mr. J. Humphrey Anger was appointed chairman for the evening, and all who spoke bore testimony to the prominent part which Mr. Field has taken in the marked advancement which music has made of late years in Toronto. Particular stress was laid upon his enthusiasm with reference to the formation and establishment of the Clef Club, which has done so much to promote a friendly feeling among the professional musicians of the city. General regret was expressed at his departure from the city, and he was assured of the best wishes of the Club for his success abroad and of their continued interest in his artistic progress in Germany as a representative Canadian musician. In a happily worded speech Mr. Field thanked the members and prophesied that the Club would develop into one of the strongest of local factors in our future musical progress.

The concert given in Massey Hall on Saturday evening last by the Toronto School Children's Festival Chorus of one thousand voices was probably the most brilliant affair of the kind given in the city. The immense chorus, under Mr. Cringan's direction, sang with a vim, crispness and precision which awakened the greatest enthusiasm in the large audience present. It was remarked by many an auditor that the results proved what might and should be accomplished by many local adult choruses in their periodical public appearances. The most effective and inspiring numbers were Rule Britannia, Cringan's Victoria is our Queen, Godfrey's The Land of the Maple, and Muir's The Maple Leaf. Mention should also be made of a fine rendering of an arrangement of De Koven's Winter Lullaby. In this number the enunciation, particularly, was remarkable for distinctness.

A recital at the College of Music by piano pupils of Mr. Harry M. Field, on Tuesday evening of last week, attracted a large and critical audience. The programme embraced the Romanza and Rondo from Chopin's E minor Concerto, and other selections by Hummel, Chopin, Raff, Liszt, Nevin, Dubois, and the Wagner-Liszt Spinnerei. The pupils participating were: Misses Austin, Byford, Martin, Carter, Mabee, and Mr. Battle, all of whom played with the technical ease and musicianship feeling which have always been characteristic of the work of Mr. Field's pupils. Of the pupils mentioned, two, namely, Miss Byford and Mr. Battle, purpose continuing their studies under Mr. Field in Leipzig in September next. The programme was agreeably varied through the singing of Miss Florence MacPherson and Mr. W. J. Lawrence, pupils of the College.

An advanced grade recital by piano students, pupils of Mr. F. H. Torrington, took place on Wednesday night of last week at the College of Music. The following pupils took part: Miss Florence Haworth, Miss May O'Hara, Miss Eleanor Kennedy, Miss Mabel Bastedo, Miss Ethel Husband, Miss Mabel Tait, Miss Alice Mansfield, Miss Lillian Porter. The nature and calibre of the work undertaken, and the manner of performance on the lines of technic and musically developed ability, was the best evidence of the result of Mr. Torrington's training, and all his pupils did him and themselves every credit. The programme contained an exciting and varied list of compositions from the works of Liszt, Rubinstein, Raff, Chopin, Hummel and Mendelssohn. The assisting vocalists were Miss Mabel Henderson and Mr. W. J. Carnahan.

On Thursday evening of last week a most enjoyable recital was given by vocal, violin and piano pupils of the Metropolitan School of Music, in which pupils of the following teachers took part: Mr. W. O. Forsyth, musical director of the school; Mr. Heinrich Klingenfeld, Miss Ada E. Hart, Miss C. M. Tufford, Mr. A. B. Jury, Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, Miss Hilda Davis, Mrs. Roberts and Miss Gertrude Marling. The programme presented was carried out in a manner reflecting most creditably upon the management of the institution, the teachers whose pupils took part, and the performers. The Metropolitan is closing the most successful year in its history, and will enter upon next year's work with very bright prospects.

The special Jubilee programme given in the Metropolitan church on Tuesday evening last was very well attended and proved a very gratifying success. The chorus, under Mr. Torrington's direction, sang with considerable snap and vim a well chosen programme of choruses appropriate to the day and the occasion. Solos were taken by Miss Eileen Millet, Mr. Carnahan, Mr. Sims Richards and Mr. George Taylor. Addresses were delivered by Revs. James Allen and Dr. Potts. The concert was much enjoyed by the audience.

A young Canadian soprano of great promise, Mlle. Toronto (Miss Florence Brinsford), of Toronto, who has just finished her studies with Mme. Marchesi, was heard by Mr. Damrosch in Paris, and immediately engaged for such roles as Forest Bird, First Rhine Daughter, and for the French roles for the winter season of opera in New York. She appeared with Tamagno in Paris five weeks ago with much success.

The Vocal Science Club at its final meeting for the season elected the following officers: President, Dr. Charles E. Saunders; vice-president, Mr. Walter H. Robinson; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Fred W. Lee; councillors, Mrs. F. W. Lee, Miss Minnie F. Hessian, Miss Mary Smart, Mr. J. W. H. Musson and Mr. H. V. Short.

The piano examinations at Pickering College, which were held on Wednesday of last week, were presided over by Mr. A. S. Vogt of Toronto. The examiner found the musical depart-

ment of the college in a most satisfactory degree of proficiency and highly complimented the principal and Miss Morris, the teacher of music, upon the results attained.

Moderato.

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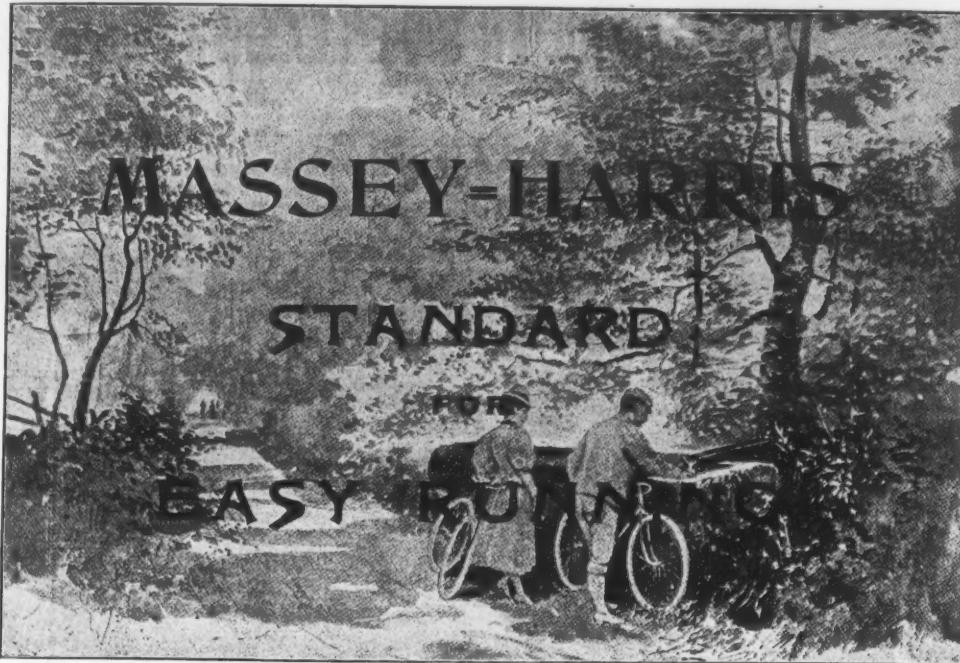
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## MASSEY-HARRIS CO., Limited

Bicycle Department, Toronto

### Social and Personal.

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The following is a list of some of those who have already engaged rooms at the Penetanguishene: Mr. and Mrs. George Fiske, Mrs. and Miss Sweeny of Buffalo, N. Y., Hon. C. R. Parsons, ex-Mayor of Rochester, N. Y., wife and family; Dr. William W. Coldham and family, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Taylor of Toledo, Ohio, and Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt C. LeFevere of Buffalo, N. Y.

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Capt. Peter Paterson was one of the veterans who took part in the military parade the other day. Capt. Paterson was identified with the Queen's Own at its inception, and an officer of

the military escort to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales on his visit to Toronto. Capt. Paterson danced *vis-à-vis* in the lancers to the Prince on that occasion.

Colonel Haskell, an eloquent speaker and official lecturer for the Keeley League, will speak on the subject of temperance at Broadway Hall, Spadina Avenue, at 3 p. m. Sunday next.

### EDGAR R. DOWARD

ORGANIST AND CHOIRMASTER

Broadway Methodist Tabernacle, Conductor Sunday School Orchestra.

TEACHER OF

### Organ & Piano Singing

Mr. Doward will receive pupils during the summer vacation. Special advantages.

Residence— 45 Cecil Street

### TWO DAYS ONLY

Monday and Tuesday, July 5 & 6

King Street West and Dufferin Street

### Buffalo Bill's Wild West

AND

### Congress of Rough Riders of the World



### World Riders and American Centaurs

Detachment of the United States Cavalry

Batteries of the United States Artillery

50 American Cowboys

100 Indian Warriors

30 Mexican Vaqueros and Rurales

30 South American Gauchos

50 Western Frontiersmen, Marksmen, etc.

25 Bedouin Arabs

20 Russian Cossacks of the Caucasus

Royal Irish-English Lancers

German Cuirassiers

ALL UNDER THE COMMAND OF

### Col. W. F. Cody-Buffalo Bill

who will positively be in the saddle in person and take part in both the afternoon and evening exhibitions.

### Only Herd of Buffalo on Exhibition

### SPECIAL RAILROAD TRAINS

Carrying all the paraphernalia necessary to a

### COVERED GRAND STAND

seating 20,000 persons, assuring perfect protection from sun or rain. On day of arrival there will be

### A FREE STREET CALVACADE

at 10 a.m., by a detailed detachment of each division. The march will be enlivened by THREE MAGNIFICENT BANDS OF MUSIC, led by the famed world-traveled

### Buffalo Bill's Cowboy Band

At night a brilliant electric display by the largest portable double electric plant of 250,000 candle power yet constructed for any similar purpose.

### Two Exhibitions Daily — Rain or Shine

Afternoon at 2 o'clock. Night at 8 o'clock.

Doors open one hour earlier.

Night as light as day and as complete in detail.

62 MRS. A. HAMILL, Proprietor.

### General Admission — 50 Cents

Children under 9 years 25c.

Numbered coupons, actually reserved seats, will be sold on the day of exhibition at A. & S. Nordheimer's Pianoforte and Music Warehouse, 15 King St. East.

30, 35 and 40c, a lb.

E. LAWSON - 465 YONGE ST.

Phone 4467

BICYCLES CHECKED ON GROUNDS

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

### SUMMER RESORTS.

### Peninsular Park Hotel

LAKE SIMCOE, via Barrie, Ont.

This beautiful summer resort is now open for the reception of guests.

It is situated on Lake Simcoe, forty minutes delightful and refreshing sail from Barrie. Fitted with all the latest modern improvements, including electric lighting, perfect sanitary arrangements, hot and cold baths. Water pumped direct from Lake Simcoe. Forty acres of beautiful grounds. For terms, &c., address M. CONNELL, 40 Colborne Street, Toronto, or "THE MANAGER," Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe, Ont.

### The Belvidere Hotel

PARRY SOUND, Ont.

Will open on the 23rd June for the Summer Season under the management of W. J. Bradley.

For rates, etc., address

W. J. BRADLEY,

Parry Sound, Ont.

### NEWPORT HOUSE

ASPIN P. O.

Skeleton Lake, Muskoka

This magnificently situated summer hotel, first-class in all appointments, will be open for the reception of guests.

Excellent bathing facilities, canoeing and fishing. Passengers leaving Toronto by the morning train can reach the hotel by 6:30 p.m.

Rates quoted and all further information given on application to the proprietors.

eww

## No Substitute!

### "Reindeer Brand"

CONDENSED COFFEE

is PURE COFFEE

with cream and sugar added, so that it may be prepared in a hurry, anywhere.

You can't spoil it!

### ALL GROCERS

### SUMMER RESORTS.

### A Charming Summer Resort

HOTEL

TORONTO ISLAND HANLAN

If tourists knew the peaceful rest, recreation, comfort and healthfulness to be enjoyed at a moderately priced summer resort, the question which is freely discussed in every family circle, "Where are we to spend the summer?" would be at once decided in our favor. Special rates for families for the season. Booklets application.

M. A. THOMAS, Manager.

F. M. THOMAS, Resident Manager.

### THE HEALTHIEST RESORT IN CANADA

### QUEEN'S ROYAL Hotel and Cottages Niagara-on-the-Lake

Perfect System of Sanitation.

Dances Every Saturday Evening.

Special rate for June, \$12 per week or \$25 per day.

Reduced Rate Saturday to Monday, \$5, including return fare by Niagara Navigation Company's splendid steamers. Tickets at Queen's Hotel.

### PROSPECT HOUSE

Port Sandfield

The well known Paradise summer resort on the

MUSKOKA LAKES

will open June 20th. For health, pure air, fine views unparallelled. Fine beach for bathing. Table unexcelled.

Send for illustrated card for information and rates to—

ENOCH COX, Proprietor.

### THE CLIFTON HOUSE BALA

Beautifully situated on the west of Lake Muskoka. In the immediate neighborhood of most popular deer and partridge hunting grounds, but only a mile distant from Moon River, the great fishing resort. Grand scenery: sandy beaches; close post and express offices; boats daily. Special rates for families. For terms apply to MRS. JOHN BOAIRD.

Proprietress.

### FERNDALE HOUSE

LAKESIDE ROSEAU

The central point of the Muskoka Lakes. Scenery unsurpassed in the district.

Good Boating, Bathing and Fishing. Lawn Tennis. Cottages to let, fine views, good verandas; board in hotel.

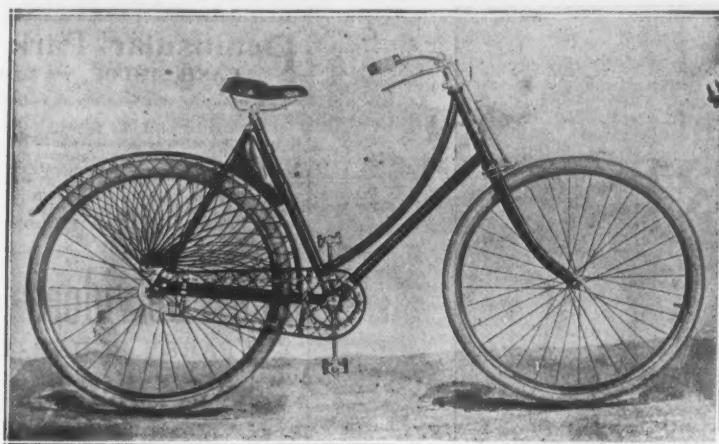
Table second to none. Everything strictly first-class. Daily boat and mail.

For particulars apply

# The Ecstasy of Cycling...

is felt by the enraptured rider when mounted ...

On a Flying



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the wheel of all wheels for a woman, as it conforms closer to physiological requirements and hygiene principles than any other. Prices, \$75 and \$100. A strong home guarantee given to every purchaser.

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**Cleveland Salesroom, 169 YONGE STREET**

#### Social and Personal.

Hon. Mr. Sifton, Deputy Minister of Public Works, Manitoba, father of Hon. Clifford Sifton, spent the past few days seeing Toronto in its gay attire. Mrs. Sifton accompanies her husband. They are making an extended Eastern visit, and leave Wednesday morning for Louisville, Ky. Mrs. J. H. Stewart, 409 Markham street, took advantage of their visit to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Sifton with a few friends at her residence Monday last.

Mrs. Greig of Sherbourne street and Miss Bertha Mason of Jarvis street, who have been the guests of Mrs. Frank Webb of Kenmore, Colborne, have returned to town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Burgess of 213 Wilton avenue pleasantly entertained many of their friends last Tuesday evening on the occasion of the tenth anniversary of their marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fielding have taken up residence in their new home, 226 Dunn avenue, South Parkdale, where they will be pleased to receive their many friends on Saturday, June 26. Mrs. Fielding will receive the second and fourth Thursday of each month.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. William Walters of Lindsay was, on Wednesday of last week, the scene of a very pretty wedding, when their eldest daughter, Blanche, was united in marriage to Mr. J. W. Lyons. The large drawing-rooms were beautifully decorated with roses and smilax, the bridal party standing in front of a perfect bank of bloom. The bride wore a beautiful gown of white silk grenadine with trimmings of chiffon and moire ribbon, and the bridesmaids, Miss Cora Walters, sister of the bride, and Miss Franc Lawrence of Campbellford, wore dainty dresses of organdie muslin, with green and heliotrope satin trimmings. The groomsmen were Mr. J. J. Widdess and Dr. P. G. Burgess. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. J. Shorey in the presence of about seventy-five guests. The gifts were numerous and pretty, among them being a handsome marble clock from the members of the Cambridge street Methodist choir, of which both bride and groom were members. After an elaborate wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Lyons left for an extended trip to Detroit and other Western cities, and after their return to Lindsay they will take up their residence in a pretty home in Colborne street.

Mrs. Will Hyslop and her little daughter are in Guelph visiting Mrs. Pursell. Mr. and Mrs. Hyslop sail on July 10 for England by the Vancouver. They are taking their wheels for a tour on the Continent.

1843) (1897

Over a Half of a Century

We have been manufacturing Stoves and Ranges, which has given us a wide experience and an extensive knowledge of what should constitute a first-class Gas Range.

In designing this Range we have embodied all the features of value known to modern stove construction. There fore the

**OXFORD**

commends itself to all purchasers. The only range made in Toronto

MANUFACTURED BY

The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited

## The Only Perfect Radiator

In use everywhere. Millions of these are in use today under all conditions of service from the largest building to the humblest cottage.

## Safford QUEEN OF Radiators

Have been awarded the highest honors against the world's makers.

No Boats! No Rods! All Iron and will last forever.

Made only by...

**The TORONTO RADIATOR MAN'G CO., Ltd.**  
TORONTO, Ont.

The Largest Radiator Manufacturers Under the British Flag



## You Can't Forget Your Hands

when you go out on your wheel



so that it's impossible to find yourself without a full set of DUNLOP TIRE TOOLS—Anybody's hands are the only tools needed when you ride these simple, durable, com-monsense tires.

American Dunlop Tire Co., Toronto

## Spring... Invitations Weddings AND Announcements

Engraved in the Latest Style.

Write for prices and samples.  
DONALD BAIN & CO., Fine Stationers  
25 JORDAN STREET

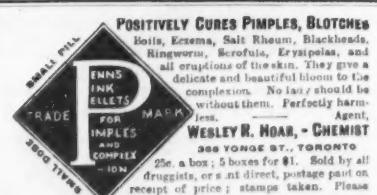
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### Hair Tonic

NOT A DRESSING

For promoting the growth and preventing the hair from falling out. The formula from which this is prepared has been endorsed by some of the leading physicians of Toronto, and its beneficial effect can be testified by many hairdressers of this city. Prepared by

ANDREW JEFFREY  
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**Hothouse**  
Tomatoes  
Mushrooms  
Rhubarb  
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Cress (GARDEN AND WATER)  
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**R. BARRON**  
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## Hungarian Ware

I have just received 3 CASES of this celebrated ware.

### Pedestals and Pots

### Flower Pots

### Fruit and Flower Stands

### Jardinieres

### Ornaments

The above make beautiful wedding presents.

## JOSEPH IRVING

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DENTISTS

130 Yonge Street, Toronto

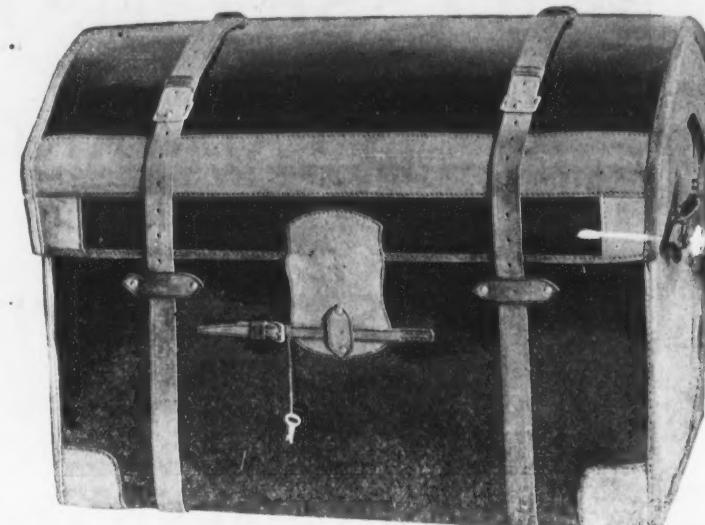
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Fees moderate.

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... MANUFACTURERS OF ...  
FINE LEATHER AND TRAVELING GOODS



Kit Bags

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Perfect  
Garden City  
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"Every Rider is Our Friend"

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LIMITED

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**Baby's Own Tablets** "FOR BABY'S SAKE..."  
A Mild and Effective Purgative—Regulates the Stomach and Bowels—Reduces Fever—Break Colds—Expel Worms—Check Diarrhea—Good While Teething—Cure Colic—Promote Sleep—As Pleasant as Candy and as Easy to Take—Harmless as Sugar—Absolutely Pure—Mother's Help and Baby's Friend—Sample... and Paper Doll if you send us Baby's Name. USE BABY'S OWN POWDER in the Nursery.  
THE DR. HOWARD MEDICINE COMPANY, BROCKVILLE, ONT.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

BOULTON—At Perth, Ont., June 18, the wife of H. Rutherford Boulton, a daughter.

SYKES—At 291 Richard street, Joliet, Ill., June 7, Mrs. John Hetherington Sykes (nee Kelsel) a son.

RUTHERFORD—June 17, Mrs. G. E. Burn—a son.

YOUNG—June 17, Mrs. Thomas Young—a son.

PRENTERGAST—June 18, Mrs. Wm. Prenter gast—a son.

FYFE—June 15, Mrs. John Fyfe—a son.

MCCARTHY—June 21, Mrs. D. L. McCarthy—a daughter.

HANSON—June 21, Mrs. J. S. Hanson a son.

### Marriages.

CHAPMAN—BAKER—June 23, Walter P. Chapman to Mabel Baker.

CHAMBERS—MULHOLLAND—June 22, R. W. Chambers to Nellie Mulholland.

CLAXTON—HANBRIDGE—June 23, Thomas Claxton to Jennie T. Hanbridge.

McGOVAN—LAWN—June 23, Dermot McEvoy to Jessie Wilson.

MORTON—HENNETT—June 22, John A. Morton to Fannie E. Bennett.

NICKALLS—W. ARDELL—June 22, George D. Nickalls to Maud Ardell.

SHewan—WATSON—June 22, Magnus Shewan to Carrie Watson.

SHIER—BLACKWELL—June 22, J. W. Shier to Annie Blackwell.

ELLIOTT—MARTIN—June 22, Joseph Elliott to Emma Martin.

BLIGHT—WHYTE—June 17, W. Arthur Blight to Letitia Whyte.

IRWIN—HASSARD—June 17, Rev. A. J. Irwin to Jessie Hassard.

LUKE—ROBINSON—June 23, Dr. F. Luke to Louise Eleanor E. Robinson.

GLEDHILL—BATTISBY—June 22, Robert A. Gledhill to Maud Alice Battisby of Peterboro.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.**  
...FOR...

**DOMINION DAY, 1897**

Will issue return tickets at following rates:

**SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE**

Going July 30th and July 1st. Return until July 2nd.

**SINGLE FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD**

Going June 30th and July 1st. Return until July 6th.

Between all stations in Canada, Windsor, Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and East.

**Canadian Wheelmen's Assoc'n Meeting**

**JULY 1st**

**Return Tickets Toronto to Chatham \$3.00**

Good to go June 30th and July 1st. Good to return until July 8th.

**UPPER LAKE FLEET**

**SS. "ATHABASCA"** From OWEN SOUND every MONDAY

**SS. "MANITOBA"** From OWEN SOUND every TUESDAY

After arrival of Steamship Express due to leave Toronto 10.50 a.m. Monday and Thursday.

**SS. "ALBERTA"** From WINDSOR every SATURDAY

After arrival of Express due to leave Toronto 7.30 a.m. same day.

### BEAUTY!

Ladies are in a flutter over the wonderful new invention and magic beautifier—**"PARIS FACE STEAMER."** It absolutely removes wrinkles and all facial blemishes, giving to the face a nearly brilliant purity. Great crowds of ladies are buying them and are unanimous in their opinion—that it is the best. The first beauty is yet produced. Manufactured only by the **Paris Face Steaming Co.**, 11 King St. W. upstairs, over the Basenette.

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A nice office, try the SATURDAY NIGHT Building.

Apply to Cashier.